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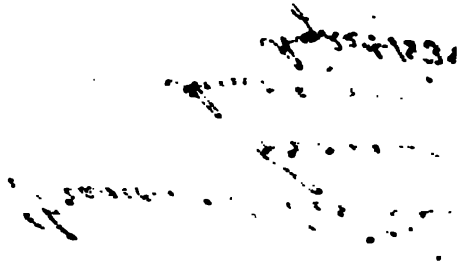
ADVENTURES IN PORTUGAL.



MY

EARLY ADVENTURES

DURING THE

PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS

OF

NAPOLEON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A Visit to My Birth Place," "Abbey of Innismoyle," &c.

BOSTON.
JAMES LORING.
1833.

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MY ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER I.

A RETURN HOME.

PEACE had been proclaimed, the tocsin of war had ceased to sound over affrighted Europe, and he who had been the world's wonder and the nations' dread, was left to vent the impetuous breathings of his ambitious soul, a lonely exile on St. Helena's barren rock; —armies were disbanding, exiles seeking their country, soldiers their homes: and I too, after leaving many a brave comrade— aye, and many a tender friend to sleep their their long, long sleep in a foreign land, returned from the scenes of contest, where lay the scarce green graves of those who had been my companions in many a hard campaign and many a well-fought field, and sought once more the quiet secluded spot *that had been* my home.

What happiness is it, in this world of turmoil, of coldness, selfishness, misery — to have some one spot of earth to which the heart can turn, when rejected, sickened, wounded, it longs for sympathy, tenderness, affection, and thinks of home and the love of relatives, when the mind is satiated with false enjoyments, wearied with cares, clouded with griefs; how dear, to turn to the scenes of youthful days, of pure delights, of home-bred happiness! Yes, the ambitious youth, panting after delusive honours or fancied happiness, may long to exchange the dull routine of domestic life for more animated, and stirring scenes; but, let his lot be high or low, be his most sanguine day-dreams verified, and he placed on a higher pinnacle of fame, than ever in fancy his youthful ambition dared to climb; or let him still toil after the phantoms of his pursuit, that like the illusive mirage, provoke still higher the thirst they will not satisfy — still though he may seem to have left far behind him the thoughts of such tame pleasures, such boyish times, his heart will sometimes turn back in secret, to drain from memory one drop of their sweetness; it may be, he could not now endure the things that seem so listless, so uninteresting, and he sighs not that they are passed away, but that he is changed.

Such thoughts occupied my mind, as I slowly rode along a very lonely road leading

to my father's house. What a change had a little space of time produced; but lately I had been in the hurry and din of war, in a foreign land, or among subdued enemies; now in my own native country, in the full feeling of peace and security I rode on among familiar scenes; all that hurry, excitement, and continual expectation of change in which a soldier lives, when in the seat of war, had died away, and in their room had come the calm, the softening, but not uninteresting feelings that usually fill and subdue the mind of one, who, after years of absence, years spent in varied and agitating scenes, turns away from the turbulence, the confusion of the wide unsocial world to seek for the spot memory presents as the retreat of peace, of happiness and love, the abode of all that is pure, and calm, and good, because it was the abode of his childhood and youth, before he had wandered out on this great Babel, where the ambition of one, works the wo of millions, where men strive and labour and 'weary themselves for very vanity;' and then vent in the secret breathings of hearts that know their own bitterness, the despondings that must be kept concealed from their fellow beings. 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

Many thoughts, and many tender and subduing recollections, filled my mind as I approached the old glebe-house, where I had once formed one of a large and happy family:

I had left it years ago, when my cheek was unsunned, and my brow unbent; the tall, fair stripling was now become a strong-built man, the unthinking youth—but it matters not what I had been, or what I was; I was changed, and the changes I had felt in myself, I anticipated in the scenes I was revisiting. Many a change had, I knew, taken place among those who once inhabited them, and the recollection brought with it a feeling of sadness; but impatient to meet all I could now meet at home, I spurred on my horse, that had been left to choose his own pace, and rode hastily forward, without once turning my head to right or to left as I passed, until I stopped at the well-remembered door, and springing from my saddle, flung the reins on his neck, entered the hall, and opened the parlour door—there I stopped—there was no bounding of sisters with their looks of joy to meet my embraces; no outstretched hands, and cordial greetings of affectionate brothers—at opposite sides of the fire-place, sat a little old man, with a black velvet cap covering the t p of his head, his arms resting on the elbows of the easy chair in which he lay reclined, and his eyes fixed on the fire; and a neat looking elderly lady, in a dark grey gown, a close cap, and a pair of spectacles. I stood and looked at them till she turned round and raised her spectacles, and he rose from his seat and opened his large but much

dimmed eyes, and dropped his nether lip—'Father, Mother!' She was in my arms, and his were widely expanded to receive his long absent, but not forgotten boy, as he still continued to call the son who had already numbered one and thirty years.

Seated between the dear old pair, I forgot for a time, that in my former visits other looks and other hands had greeted me—that many another lip had pronounced my welcome, and younger and brighter eyes sparkled round our social hearth. Dinner ended, I drew my chair again to the fire, and thus glanced retrospectively at the domestic information I had acquired while it was passing: 'So Anna has now six children, and Charles four, and dear Emily two, and little Sophy has married young Lumley, the boy I taught to ride our old grey pony when I first got leave of absence. Well, how time passes!'

'Yes, they have all left me to myself,' said my father—'they are all settled in the world—Well, God be with them.'

'Amen!' I fervently ejaculated, for I felt the wish, though a common one, comprised in it all the good I could desire for my friends.

My dear mother put her hand on mine, and looked at me with her tearful eyes, as if her heart flew off to each of the several objects for whom the prayer was breathed, and felt again a mother's solicitude, and a mother's love. 'Still my own affectionate boy,' she

said, and smiling as I kissed the withered cheek to which I had often been pressed when it was fresher and fairer, went out of the room.

My father continued to tell me, how well he had performed his duty to his children; but as he spoke, he reclined still more and more in his comfortable chair, as if the remembrance of his past activity afforded an additional reason for patiently submitting to the weaknesses and enjoying the repose of age. Not even the presence of a long absent son was sufficient to make him forego the indulgence of his usual nap, his head gradually sunk lower and lower over the arm of his chair—and after looking at him a few minutes with that blended feeling of respect and pity, with which we generally regard extreme old age, and that emotion of filial affection and regret, which the remembrance of what he had been, and the view of what he was, awakened—I found the image of other days was recurring, awakening some saddening ideas, and opening up to my eye scenes that had passed away forever; so I rose, and leaving the room as quietly as I could, though I believe there was little fear of arousing my poor father, I took my hat and went out to the shrubbery adjoining the house.

I walked on some way, too much engaged in thought to observe the alterations that had been made in

'Scenes remembered well, and dear,'

till stiking my foot against a tree that had fallen across the path, I stopped and looked around.—Well, I was changed myself—why did a change in everything else give me that uneasy and saddening sensation that urged me to pursue my walk with double speed, in the hope of diverting the melancholy of my feelings; so I went on as heedlessly as I could, till I was again arrested by—will the toil-worn soldier smile?—a ruined bower!—Yet so it was—a bower I had made in other days; and there it lay in its forlornness; the long tangled clymatis sweeping the ground, or clinging still here and there by its slight withered stems to the support of some stout neighbour that had sprung from the sapling I had left there to a well-grown tree; and amidst all the desolations, alone, alive, while

'Its mates of the garden lay scentless and dead,'

grew one poor faded, cold looking rose, surviving the wreck of kindred, the loss of companionship, looking on like some poor child of sorrow, faded and pale at the ruin that was strewn around, on the scene where 'all its pleasant things were laid waste.' And then, too, while I looked on it, came thoughts of those I had seen seated in that bower, as fair, as fresh as the sweet blossoms that clung around it, and where were they?—Oh! that ruined bower—how apt a picture did it seem of my heart when I murmured—gone—

gone—gone; are these feminine sensibilities, what some would say, were unbefitting a man and a soldier?—be it so—I at least felt them, and many of my brave companions have felt them too.

But there is sometimes a pang in such reminiscences as mine that many would not like to feel—and so they hurry from what excites it, and teach their faces to smile, and whisper to themselves that they are happy; time was, when I would have done so, when I would have flown from thoughts so saddening to anything that offered a Lethe to remembrance—though a monitor I could not silence, warned me there was poison in the draught: but now I sought not the revel, the wild roar of senseless merriment, the circle of gaiety, the stirring exercise, the bustle of active life; I sought the repository of the dead—the tomb of my friends—through the now unshaded walk, and over the leaf-strewn path I trod hastily; I crossed the green field and stepped over the well-known stile, and got within the precincts of our church-yard; through its weedy enclosure I passed, neglected and wild as it was, till I came to a large white stone, and there I stopped.——

Reader, there you must leave me—let us, if you will, pursue a soldier's retrospections to that spot, but there you shall not see him—the moonlight beam shone on him, and if *he had a witness* it was one on high.

CHAPTER II.

It was a bright and lovely morning when, with the troops destined to reinforce the British army in the Peninsula, I set sail for the shores of Portugal. For this day I had longed, and my heart had beaten high at the prospect of its coming; it came—and though all was bustle, excitement, interest, and hope, I was sad and silent: I blamed myself for this want of animation; but I turned and looked upon a small piece of crape on my left arm, and felt that not even the prospect of military glory, not the apparent realization of all my boyish day-dreams, could afford a counterpoise to the deadening weight of real sorrow.

But as the English shores lessened, and at last receded from sight, my spirits lightened, I listened to the conversation around me, my sullen apathy began to disappear, and when the vessel cast anchor in the Lisbon harbour, I felt once more alive to the feelings that inspire the youthful soldier's breast.

What a new and busy scene was before me! every thing was foreign and was new—in harbour, on shore, and in the prospects that lay around us; and on the deck of our

ship all was hurry, and hope, and eagerness, among those who hailed with joy the approach of a military campaign, and the first commencement of a soldier's life. Ah! as the boats, with their red-sashed oars-men, drew up to the vessel's side to convey our troops to shore, many a heart beat high and hopefully that was to cease its beat forever before we retraced our way over the waters we had crossed!

In the evening I stole away from my mess companions, who were chatting over the probable events that were before them, and enjoying in careless happiness the passing moment, and walked out alone. Three months before how differently should I have felt in rambling thus about a foreign city, where every thing was strange and interesting, and in entering on the commencement of my real military life—a new scene, and one that would have occupied and amused, was around me; a new career, and one that I had wished and longed for, was before me; but the recollection of scenes I had lately witnessed would not fade, and the sadness that dwelt in my own heart threw its colouring over every thing else.

When I returned, some of my companions were just setting off to the theatre. I had no inclination to go, but the fear of ridicule made me acquiesce in many a thing that I should otherwise have declined; and so stifling, as

well as I could, the better thoughts that had arisen, with their soft, saddening, holy influence on my mind during my solitary rambles, I went with them.

Determined, perhaps, to be out of humour with our evening's entertainment, I soon found the comic scene insupportable, and condemning it as a piece of senseless and awkward buffoonery, I left the house before it was ended, with the intention of returning directly to the British quarters. It was late in the evening, sounds were fast dying away, the hurrying to and fro of the crowd had ceased —it was the hour of reflection, the season of thought. I saw a light gleaming within the walls of a church, the doors of which, as is customary in Roman Catholic countries, stood open; I went in: all was silent, solitary, solemn; the large, spacious building was almost enveloped in gloom, or illuminated only by the dimly burning candles that were placed at some shrines. Before the image of a female saint, nearly opposite to where I stood, some lights burned brighter; and before that image a living and breathing form lay prostrated in intense devotion. I stood and looked on the scene—it was perhaps some poor child of sorrow methought, who dare not, could not, reveal to mortal, the agonized feelings that lay like a slow consuming fire pent *up within his* breast, who thus in the privacy *of the sanctuary* unbosomed the bitter burden

that lay dark upon his soul, and hidden from the eye of proud, unfeeling, selfish man, poured out the tale of his griefs, his fears, his wrongs, and emptied the overflowing bitterness of his heart in the language of prayer.

Had I acted on the impulse I felt while thinking thus, I too had knelt, for I too was unhappy. But to what should I kneel?—to an image, the work of men's hands—or to the invisible, the ever present Creator? Methought while the question passed in my mind, I heard that sound, when amid thunderings, and lightnings, and tempest, there was the voice of words, and the Almighty proclaimed, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing in heaven, or on the earth: thou shalt not worship nor bow down unto them.' I looked around and the illusory ideas that the scene had at first awakened were gone, and I saw a poor soul-chained sinner pouring out his prayer to what was indeed 'no god'—to a thing that 'could neither profit nor deliver'—to the image of one who, if such a person ever had had existence, had worn the same vestments of mortality, and had companionship with the same sins, and fears, and sorrows; and should I address my prayers and pour out the complainings of my soul to one who had only escaped a little before from the evils of time? *How admirably* is the religion of Popery *adapted to the* feelings of the natural heart,

the heart of fallen man, that in its earthiness, its estrangement from God, dislikes a spiritual service, and shrinks from a spiritual God! Pray, it says, to one who can feel for your distresses, who is not exalted above the sympathies of mortality—and we are so prone to venerate, to love the memory of the good, the amiable, the lovely, who are gone before us, that we feel tempted to implore their intercessory offices on high, and to ask their pitying guardianship over us, while we wander in this world of sin and care.

But I was not betrayed into the delusion into which these milder features of Popery might lead many a feeling mind, and many an unconvinced heart; I knew the doctrines of the Gospel—theoretically knew them, for my understanding was informed, though alas! my heart was unchanged, unaffected by the truths I fancied, I believed; I knew that a Mediator was provided for us, who had taken our nature upon Him, that we might have an High Priest, who could be touched with a feeling of our infirmities. I knew that He had been made a man of sorrows, and acquainted with griefs—that He had suffered, being tempted—that He had not only tasted, but drank to its dregs the bitter cup that falls to the lot of mortals here below, unmixed alone with the deadly potion that their own sin casts into it—and now, that his ear was open to the plaint of the sorrowful, the cry of

the sinful; that through Him alone, should prayer be made—and that it were as vain as it were sinful to proffer a request on high that did not ascend through the 'one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.' I knew all this; yet, though under the imposing effect of the scene, the hour, the stilly gloom, I had felt a desire to join in that poor penitent's devotion, I felt none to bend my knee—or lift up the heart to that Eternal God, who, even from a temple like this, surrounded as it was, with the violations of His holy law, and the evidences that man is naturally prone to forget that 'God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth,' can hearken to the silent breathings of the heart, that seeks Him in His own appointed way. The dark unbelief of my soul forbade me to do so, and the enthusiasm of the moment over, I glanced coldly round the painted walls, the gilded shrines, and decorated altars; and recollecting with a sigh, another land where Popery was not so exalted, I left the church. But the thoughts that had been excited could not be easily silenced; I returned musingly to the camp, all was hushed and silent there: I threw myself on my bed, wished for the day, and hoped it would bring an order for march. That wished for order came at length, and we were soon afterwards on our way to meet the proud, ruthless invaders of *the poor terrified* people we had come to assist.

On the way we passed, all looked smilingly, all was peaceful and calm—all but man: beautiful prospects, sweet, fair scenes, quiet cottages lay around us; and there were we, an armed and bannered host about to join in the shock of war, presenting a strange contrast to scenes so lovely and so soft.

How distinctly can I now picture to myself our array on the first night I bivouacked on foreign ground; how plainly does memory present the forms that then lay scattered round me, indulging in repose on their cold earthen bed, after a fatiguing march; the spreading cork tree, and the youth who sat with me beneath its shade, are now, methinks, before me: figures that have long since mingled with the dust of a foreign land, are prominent in fancy's picture, and voices that are silenced forever, seem now to address me again.

A small, beautiful valley was covered with our warlike host, and its stillness was broken by sounds most unseemly. I chose my lodging ground beneath a fine tree at the foot, or rather on the declivity of one of the rugged eminences that hemmed in this peaceful little spot: it was one that a hermit might have chosen; a small, gurgling stream flowed down the rock beside me, and fell softly into its narrow bed below. Here I spread my cloak, and then looked round on the scene before me; and such a scene, revealed as it was by the *bright, but flick*ering fires that were just burst-

ing out through the glen, would be no bad subject for the painter's pencil; the broken, unequal light, gleaming on the shining blades, and piled arms, the glen crowed with armed and tired men, their indistinct forms sometimes rendered more discernible by the sudden blaze of the fitful light that fell in fantastic reflections on the dark rocks, and over the brown hills—it was a scene both new and pleasing to me, and while I lay watching it in all its variations, that still varied almost momentarily, as one fire sunk and another sprung up, casting new lights and shadows on the scenery, as the tired soldier stretched himself to repose on the ground after his meal, and one group of dust-covered men dispersed while another assembled, my own reflections gradually assumed as varied a complexion as the scene I was gazing on.

I was at last in the seat of war, in daily expectation of meeting the enemy; the life I had long looked forward to was commenced. Yet I was not happy: one excited and animated and hopeful feeling, seemed to pervade my comrades' breasts: and though when with them I appeared like them—when I was thus alone I often felt sad, restless, and dispirited. So it often happens, that the very thing for which we long, after which we pant, finds us on its arrival dissatisfied, dull, incapable of enjoying it as we expected.

I looked over the diversified groups before

me, and it was impossible that the reflection, that soon their numbers would be thinned, should not arise. I did not ask, what individual of that congregated body should fall first, but I sighed, for I was not then inured to compaigning, as I recollected, that probably many of those men, many of those active, thinking beings would find one common grave, would sink like the grass before the scythe of the mower, undistinguished, unknown—and, except perchance by some fond heart at home, unmourned, unwept. And—for who will not at such a time bestow a thought upon himself?—I too, methought, might be of the number; many whose hopes, whose spirits were higher than mine then were, fell in the first shock of battle, and their hopes and desires and self-promised honours were untimely quenched in their life-blood. The chance of war is always acknowledged to be doubtful, and numbers who were gay and happy, daily expressed in the language of soldier-like indifference the probability of their own death —why could not I feel as others seemed to feel? I raised my eye to the clear vault above my head as the questionings of my dark mind was going on, and the action might have afforded an answer to the demand. I could not feel indifferent to my state after death. From my earliest youth I had been acquainted with the doctrines of the Gospel, and the Scriptural testimony of man's state

and character with regard to his Maker; I could not disbelieve revelation, and I could not silence conscience. I saw numbers it is true, many of them men whom I esteemed and liked, who did not deny the existence of a future state, and who acknowledged their accountability hereafter, living quite at ease in the prospect of being perhaps suddenly called to render up that account and enter on that everlasting state: and if the ground for that contentedness were asked, there was generally some vague expression of trust in the mercy of God, some hope that they were not worse than others, that they had done their duty as they could, and then again all would be summed up in that favourite expression, 'God is merciful.' But such vague and undefined hopes as these could never satisfy one who really felt an anxiety concerning his state during the countless, never ending ages of eternity. Let men say if they will that such reflections are not for the brave —there never has been, there never will be, the man so brave as to contemplate unmoved an eternity, of hopeless, helpless misery; and those who pretend to do so, do not believe in its existence. I could not as I before said be equally careless, for I had learned from the sweet and lovely example of one whose liberated spirit was then among the blessed, that the value of the immortal soul was not to *be weighed* against the varied blessings and

accumulated treasures of time. Revelation depicted man as a fallen creature, incapable of reinstating himself in the favour of his Maker from which he had fallen, both by Adam's transgression and his own daily, hourly transgression of the law delivered to him, and declared that to raise him from this fallen state, and to deliver him from the double curse under which he lay, God became manifest in the flesh. It was in the full belief of this stupendous truth that I had often been told by those who anxiously sought my good, lay the very essence of Christian hope. It was, I had been told, impossible to believe this fact and be uninfluenced by the faith that could apprehend its best results: what more was there for man to do; his salvation was finished for him, he dare not attempt the smallest effort to effect it for himself—yet the giving up of body and soul, of the powers of his mind, and the affections of his heart, were only his reasonable, his delightful service, for the law of love held his soul in stronger chains to the service of his God than that which proclaimed, 'this do, and thou shalt live.'

These truths I knew; they had often been sounded in my ears, and sweetly and mildly pressed on my attention by those who now exulted in their realization: but still they had no effect on me, I perverted the doctrine of *Scripture, I refused* to obey its precepts: it *is there on record*, the divine command and

the assured promise, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find;' but I would not ask, for I said the prayer of an unbeliever will not be heard: it is written again, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you;' but I yielded to temptations, I obeyed my own evil inclinations, I indulged my sinful habits; for I said, man has no power in himself to resist evil, he is destitute of all moral ability, till the Spirit of God change the heart and dwell in it, conquering the power of sin, inclining it to hate evil and love good, we cannot act nor live aright. Thus, too truly was that 'which is good made sin unto me,' through the deceitful sinfulness of my own heart, and the devices of mankind's great enemy.

But oh! in times like this, when I felt the uncertainty, the vanity of all below, how blessed and happy would the faith and hope of the Christian appear! how gladly would I have exchanged places with the lowliest sentinel who paced before the watch-fire, round which his comrades slept, did I believe that that man possessed the strong, undying hope of a blissful immortality, that would enable him to meet death with that holy calmness, nay, that triumphant joy which I had witnessed in some who, young, weak, and timid, had met it with complacency, and left a world where there stay was fondly courted by those to whom they were dear, with a smile of *peace.*

Yes, in the stirring scenes of war I have felt all this, nor let it be thought unbefitting; for it is, I am convinced, impossible for one who has ever read the word of God, and considered the character of Him who it reveals, to think solemnly and quietly of death, and maintain unshaken composure, while he feels that conscience can afford no answer to the question, 'Wherewith shall I come before God?'

CHAPTER III.

While the deep and awful impression which reflections like these leaves upon the mind still hung over me, a voice close to me inquired in a whispering tone, for I was sitting in shade quite in the back-ground of the scene I had been contemplating—'Is this Traverston?'—'It is, Fitzmorris,' I replied, recognizing the silver-toned voice of our Lieutenant-Colonel's son, a youth who had recently been appointed to an ensigncy in the regiment.

'Will you let me share your quarters? you are so *comfortable*, so out of the throng?'—'*With all my heart*, seat yourself here, I can

only offer you half the shade of my friendly tree.'

'Thanks, Traverston,' he said, throwing himself carelessly on the ground beside me. —'From one fellow soldier to another on a campaign, such an offer is as grateful as an invitation to partake the hospitalities of a home in dear happy England.'

'Or still dearer Scotland,' I replied, smiling.—'But why do you think my quarters, as you call it, an enviable spot?' 'Because it is alone,' said Fitzmorris, turning up his head, that rested on his hand as he lay stretched on the ground, to me, with an expression and a smile that went straight to my heart, for they seemed so like those I had been used to love, and I sighed, I deeply sighed, as I looked on his young, sweet countenance, for he was a lad who had not yet numbered seventeen years, and thought I there too traced a resemblance, that won my interest and engaged my affection.

'And are you a lover of loneliness?' I asked, smiling at him, 'you, whose life has passed in camps?'

'Yes,' said Fitzmorris, and I thought his beaming face was momentarily shaded, 'my life has passed in dissipating and fatiguing scenes; yet it generally happens, that when we are denied what we like, we only like it *the more:* so perverse a being is man!'

'*You are not then fond of your profession?*

'Ah, there is the question I often ask myself: and strange to say, I never answered it satisfactorily yet. I wish there was no need of war—I wish the world were so christianized that men should learn war no more: it is saddening, it is heart-rending, to see the miseries it occasions; the vice, the immorality, the profaneness it encourages; to see such numbers passing into eternity, thoughtless, unprepared or desperate: and then to live always in such tumultuous scenes, such constant stirs, among such a congregated mass of men—Oh! when I think all this, when I *feel* all this, I am *not fond* of my profession—but when I think of fighting for my country, for our liberties, our religion, our homes, of steming the torrent that has swept half Europe over, spreading desolation and misery and ruin—when I think of repelling that ambitious tyrant's power, and teaching him to feel the world was not made for him alone, then I love it, then I am fond, nay proud of my profession, I can walk with pleasure in the ranks of war, and strive to look on its miseries as necessary evils.'

'And when you think of falling in its service?'

'I feel quite willing to do so, if it is the will of God.'

I looked at him inquiringly as he uttered these words; they were not said with the *easy non chalance* of the soldier, or the indif-

in our own native land, that I first became intimately acquainted with him; and this town was rendered memorable to him by-another acquaintance he made while in it, the issue of which, I am sure, he never dreamed of.

Louisa B—— (I must be excused giving names in full) was the daughter of a man of rank and fortune; she was married, before she was nineteen, to one who was rich indeed, but who possessed no other recommendation, and left a young and interesting looking widow at one-and-twenty. The splendid mansion in which she resided, was situated not far from our quarters, and the senior officers gradually got introduced at it. I often heard the young widow spoken of, and was two or three times, although only a subaltern, favoured with an invitation to her house. She was beset with every thing calculated to draw away the mind and turn the head of a young woman; and I expected, and knew Courtenay did also, to find her as vain, as conceited, and inflated with an idea of her own consequence, as some persons similarly situated would be; but I thought, if I had not known who she was, I should merely have noticed her as a mild, and very interesting looking girl; she appeared younger than she really was; without being handsome, she was very engaging, and her manner was as diffident and *unassuming* as that of any girl in a subordinate

sphere of life. She seemed to me rather to be fatigued and annoyed by the general attention and universal admiration that she received. I often observed her, at places where we met, turn away with a look of indifference or of impatience from such things, and enter into conversation with the most retiring, the gravest, or oldest persons in company.

Courtenay was a man of reflection and feeling; he could not make himself the assiduous, flattering courtier, nor add his mite to the incense he saw offered up to a woman, who was admired, merely because she was rich. Whenever I saw him in her company, he was aloof from the crowd that usually surrounded her. One evening, however, they chanced to be seated near each other, and through the medium of a third person, engaged in conversation; he spoke in his usual polite, engaging, but manly and sensible style; he talked to her as to any other woman; or if he differed at all, it was in being more careful to avoid the slightest appearance of that complimentary strain in which she was always addressed. From this evening, Louisa often appeared to favour Courtenay with her attention, and to be pleased when he addressed her. He was often at her house, he met her at other places; and at last his companions began *jestingly* to congratulate him on *the marks of favour* he received. We, how-

ever, got the rout, and Courtenay and Louisa took leave with not more seeming regret than is common on such occasions, and probably with little hopes of meeting again, for we were in expectation of being soon ordered abroad. From that time, his cheek ceased to redden when he was rallied by his brother officers; nay, some said it actually grew pale, when he requested, in few but resolute words, that such raillery might cease. It did—for we saw it could not be continued without offending him; but, some time after, we found there was more ground for it than we supposed. What, in the language of the world, is called chance, brought Courtenay to a place where Louisa was visiting, and an apparently accidental circumstance revealed to them their mutual attachment. Louisa was staying at a house where he was on an intimate footing; here, while chatting in a lively way with her friends, when he was present, she alluded to the circumstance, that a considerable part of her jointure passed away from her, if she married again, jestingly making it appear that her whole property depended on her remaining a widow. Immediately, the inequality that had appeared to subsist between them, seemed to vanish from Courtenay's view; a hasty expression that broke from him, told what was passing in his mind; he was only a soldier of fortune; he could not think of a *woman whose* situation in life was so above

his own; but did she share his attachment, and were she capable of giving such a proof of it, their circumstances might be equalized: the trial was soon made; and it was not till Louisa had consented to unite her lot with his, that he found he was to marry a woman of large property, as well as one whom he would have preferred to all others, had she been pennyless.

Louisa, though she had been a married woman, had never felt before the force of a strong and sincere attachment—for the man she had been married to by her father's wish, was unworthy of her—and she was soon called on to give large proofs of its fidelity. She was united to all the vicissitudes, the uncomfortableness of a soldier's life, without being able to share in what made it dear and glorious to him. She was a timid, affectionate creature, deeply anxious for the safety of her husband, and never seeming entirely at ease, entirely in security, but when she was sitting by his side, or leaning on his arm. The idea of his being ordered on foreign service, haunted her imagination from the hour of her marriage: the order came; Courtenay would not resign, nor would she ask him to do it; so she resolved to share with him its perils and its fatigues, to watch over his safety, and when she could not save, to suffer with him. Not to be debarred by obstacles that seemed *trivial, when they* would separate her from her

husband, she had followed him here: and here, in their society, with Colonel Fitzmorris, who was Courtenay's uncle, and young Fitzmorris, to whom I had become warmly attached, I spent many a pleasing evening, while waiting for the movements of the enemy to decide ours.

Nor in these rambling retrospective glances, is the apartment overlooked, in which the party I have mentioned had collected to refresh ourselves with something resembling the quiet of domestic life, and with the sweet sounds of Louisa's voice, as she sang for us some soft air of our native land, accompanied by the gentle notes of the Spanish guitar; while the balmy odour from the orangery, into which the room opened, assisted in gratifying the senses, as the charm of rational and intellectual conversation did the mind. Yes, I then felt at rest—then I felt almost happy.

In every state of society, one may meet some interesting characters; and did I not fear to incur censure, as indulging the partiality of an old soldier, I should say the army furnishes not the fewest. In my retrospections of the past two instances of this stand prominent; these are Colonel Fitzmorris and his son. Fitzmorris had seen much service, travelled through many countries, known many changes, and felt many sorrows. He was scarcely turned of fifty; yet his once *black hair* was become quite grey, his eye

had lost its fire, his tall figure, though still erect and martial looking, was become thin and wasted, his speech was serious, and his aspect grave: he was one who in general attracted respect rather than love; and it seemed that, even from a bosom friend, he must gain the coldness of regard, instead of the warmth of affection. I had, however, opportunities of knowing that he could not only win, but retain the affections of those he himself loved. To those who did not wish to know him as he really was, he might seem such as I have described; but Courtenay, who had known him long, was warmly attached to him; Louisa loved him as a father; and the devoted attachment of his ardent, affectionate son, exceeded all the instances of filial fondness I have ever met, and rendered father and son doubly interesting. And well might Charles Fitzmorris love his only surviving parent, for never father more exclusively lavished on a child the fondness of a parental heart.

Colonel Fitzmorris was one of those unconnected beings, who had hardly ever known the ties of kindred and relationship: separated from childhood from his only sister, who died soon after Courtenay was born, and having lost both his parents at a very early age, he had scarcely ever known a relative, till his *nephew* joined the regiment. But *before that period*, he had one who made up

to him in tender, devoted affection, the love of kindred: he had been attached to his wife for many a long year before circumstances permitted their marriage; but, once united, they separated no more till death divided them. Mrs. Fitzmorris followed her husband to distant lands; she endured with him hardships, and sorrows, and privations, and dangers: in his joyous hours, she was his joy; in grief, his consolation; in perplexity, his counsellor—the anchorage of his soul in despondency. How hapless is the man who makes flesh his arm! she died—his all of hope and of joy perished, for mortality was written on the things in which he trusted, which he foolishly thought were to be his forever!—He lived—but he lived broken-hearted; his lip forgot to smile, his cheek ceased to glow, his eye to beam; life lost its charms, glory became an empty sound, honour a bubble, that burst ere it was fully blown; renown, a mere mockery on human wretchedness. Thus he lived, and thus he would have died, a desponding, life-disgusting being: but one tie yet remained; one tendril of the vine that had clung about him, and screened his desolatedness from himself, and been his shade and his defence, still was fresh, though the parent stem was withered;—his boy, the image of his beloved one, still remained; and when the wound was seared over (for it was *never healed*) he felt that life had not lost all

its value, while he could live for his child. They were never parted,—he was his playfellow, his teacher, his companion, his friend; and the boy, at once so ardent and so gentle, with feelings so glowing, affections so warm, and tenderness so exquisite, fully returned the love so largely bestowed on him, and father and son became mutually the objects of idolatry to each other.

But still the remembrance of days that had been, would not fade from the widowed man's memory; even the fondness and love of his little boy would recal them; and Fitzmorris would often catch him to his breast, and bend his head over his fair young face, to hide the tears that came darkling to his eye.

Like his poor mother, Charles attended his father wherever the service of his country led him. Fitzmorris would often feel for him, and dread the influence of different climates on a boy as soft and delicate looking, as if, instead of the rude and stirring life he led, he had been nurtured in the lap of ease, and brought up amidst all the softnesses and indulgences of home. But Charles was the only object now for which he lived; it was his presence, his innocent coeversation, his artless affection, that saved him from the despondency into which he felt he would otherwise sink, it was a thought on him that saved him from throwing away his life in the hour of danger; and were they parted, his boy

would soon be fatherless. Charles therefore went with him wherever he went, saw whatever he saw, lived wherever he lived; like the sweet accacia flowering in the sandy desert, he was the only thing that seemed to live and bloom for the solitary man, who, though amidst a multitude, was still alone. But there was one drawback, even to the satisfaction with which he rested beneath the shadow of this fair, refreshing plant. He had learned that the fairest things are often the frailest; that the sweetest gourds that bless us here below, come up in a night, and perish in a night—and the dread of seeing the last thing that blessed and cheered his loneliness, wither like the flower, before it was grown up, took peace from his heart, and robbed his mind of rest. Oh! how does misery cling about the things of earth!—how well does Scripture compare our fond, foolish trust in aught that is of mortal birth, to dependence on a broken spear, that fails beneath the arm, and pierces the hand that leans upon it! even the secret, unbreathed apprehension of losing the objects of our idolatry, makes us uneasy in their possession. Yes, blessed and happy are they, who, in a dying, changing, soul-wearying world, have their affections surely set there, where true joys are only to be found; who use the things of this world as not abusing them, and keep their hearts, while rejoicing *that 'the* Lord gave,' in readiness, if need

be, to say, 'the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!'

This was a frame, of which Fitzmorris knew nothing; it is one, truly, that many a Christian has to pass through the ordeal of fiery tribulation to acquire. Although strict almost to severity in morals, he was utterly destitute of religion: he probably hardly ever thought of a future world, or if he did, he was content to live as he thought right in this, and leave the rest to Him, who only could determine it. If his opinion as to his own state after death had been asked, he would not, most probably, have pleaded in hacknied language the mercy of his Maker, his own attempts at rectitude in general, or any other equally fallacious ground of hope; he would have altogether waived the subject, as one not suited to the concerns of this life, one that mortals could not unravel, and one therefore which they had no business with, on which inquiries were fruitless, for they could only be answered by an entrance on that state, concerning which they were made. Nevertheless, this dark man, so cold, so indifferent to sacred things, was an object of the everlasting love of God, and was not to be a castaway; in the dark hour of worldly sorrow, he was to hear the voice of heavenly compassion; and while intently musing over his own *mortal griefs*, he was to be awakened to a *view of the vast*, the soul-subduing love of

God, manifested towards him, ungrateful, callous, rebellious as he was. It was in India that one of those men of God, who have left home, and families, and friends, to speed on a mission of love, to bear the tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ, to the nations of the Gentiles, was commissioned to convey to a weary and heavy-laden son of earth, the invitation to come unto him, who bindeth up the broken in heart.

A new subject was offered to his contemplation, the love of God in Christ; and Fitzmorris paused to consider it—amazing subject!—surely, were its details sounded over this sin-polluted and sorrow-covered earth, and believed in all their great, soul-captivating results, its mourners would cease out of the land, its deserts would rejoice, the tongue of the dumb would sing,

> 'The weary find eternal rest,
> And all the sons of want be blest.'

It began to break on Fitzmorris; and as it opened more and more on his astonished view, the film fell from his eyes; like the blind man touched by the finger of the Messiah, he began to perceive just light enough to tell him he had all his life been in strange darkness. But not to the pool of Siloam, was he sent to wash, to obtain the clearer vision that he wanted; to the fountain opened *in Zion for sin*, he was directed; and there

he gained his spiritual light, and there he obtained a full view of that

> '—Boundless love of God, whose height,
> Whose depth unsearchable, no man knows.'

What else was wanting to subdue the sinner's soul, to conquer the obdurate, impenitent heart, than to be convinced that he was the object of that love, which was manifested on Calvary, where Jesus died? Oh! when the natural infidelity of the human heart is conquered by His Spirit, where faith to accredit that wondrous fact is given, the sinner is indeed 'born again;' old things have passed away, all things are become new, an entire regeneration has taken place; like one called into another state of being, he thinks, he speaks, he feels, he acts anew: the things of time appear different, and the things of eternity appear different: the first *was* predominant, now it sinks to nothing; the latter was unthought of, now it is every thing. Earthly cares, earthly trials, weighed darkly on his spirit—they may weigh there still; but the spirit rests not contentedly beneath them; it pants to heave them off, to rise above them, to get free from them,—the unbeliever knew not whither to go with his burden, and so he lay down despairingly beneath it: the believer cast all his care on one that careth for him, and looks above his own weakness, and *out of his own* sinfulness, and from his own

sorrows, to One who is strength and righteousness, and the 'God of all comfort.'

So it was with Fitzmorris; his irritated feelings were softened, his pride subdued, his hopes revived; all things had become new; the current of his thoughts ran in another channel; the affections of his heart found an undying object, his often disappointed hopes, a sure resting-place; and though the recollection of his past life would arise again, and though trials and griefs still encompassed his path; he learned while feeling, oftentimes painfully feeling, that through life he had here 'no continuing city,' to look up and say with calm confidence, with hope and joy, 'but I seek one to come.'

As a Christian too, Fitzmorris found he dare not allow to any one earthly object, however cherished, the monopolization of his affections; mankind, to whom he had generally seemed an unfriendly cynic, claimed his pitying regard; and instead of cold and sullen scorn, or unbending apathy, he was called on to evince some small portion of the forbearance, the love, the pity, that had been shown to him.

To train up his son in the fear and love of God, to teach him to live for eternity, to lead him to the Saviour, to pray that he might be made one of those 'lambs' of his fold, which, in the prophetic announcement of his office *and Messiah*ship, it was declared he should

'carry in his bosom,' now became the object, end, and aim of all poor Fitzmorris's anxiety. He acted in conformity to the commands of Scripture, he was therefore entitled to look for the accomplishment of its promises; he trained up his son in the way that he thought it directed man to go, and he depended, that in after life he would not be allowed 'to depart from it.' And though outward things were most against such a hope, though his profession might seem to unfit him for the office of preceptor to a boy like this, and the atmosphere of a camp, or the season of a campaign, be most unfriendly to the work he had in view, he went on with it in the exercise of faith, trusting, that 'through the mercy of the Most High, he should not miscarry:' he watched incessantly over his son; he screened him from the contagion that was about him, as far as he could, and when he must be exposed to it, he endeavoured to store him with preventives against its effects; he watched the first symptoms of the infection he dreaded, and delayed not to apply the remedies.

By his father's care, Charles Fitzmorris was saved from the open dangers that lay around him; by the grace of God, early bestowed on the child of a pious parent, he was saved from those secret ones which 'come from within,' which entering in the heart of *man, unrestrained* and uncorrected by that

grace, issue from thence into the open commission of sin, or lurking there, in their secret malignity, make the sinner to live in the daily and hourly violation of his Maker's commandments, while, through the 'deceitfulness of sin,' he is rendered insensible of the transgression that was not openly committed.

Early given up to his God, this engaging youth seemed like some holy being that had been nurtured in a purer sphere, and sent among us to show us the loveliness of true religion and virtue, of purity and goodness: to believe, that such a boy, so amiable and pious, so innocent, so tender and warm in his feelings, so pure in his affections—so simple, modest, and engaging—had been reared in camps, and lived only among soldiers, was almost impossible.

Fitzmorris left to his son the choice of a profession, and Charles chose to remain with him and follow his. Like the young Moabitess to her mother-in-law, this affectionate boy's language to his father was, 'entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'

Nor was the latter declaration the mere language of enthusiasm, for Charles had indeed chosen his father's God for his, and was *united with him* in the bonds of a living faith.

He knew no other life than a military one, and to tread in the steps his father had trod, was his greatest earthly ambition. Nor was Fitzmorris dissatisfied with his decision, for though it exposed him to danger, he delighted to keep him under his own eye, and still to enjoy his beloved society. 'Is there not,' he would say to himself, when he reasoned with his fears, 'is there not an appointed time to man upon earth; my God will leave him to me as long as it seemeth to him good;' bu then he would inwardly murmur, 'O! that it may be his pleasure to take me first—nevertheless'—and a deep, heart-rending sigh would follow—'thy will, not mine, be done!'

I remember having heard my own poor father say, that it was one of the most interesting moments of his life, when he saw my eldest brother ascend the steps of his own pulpit to preach his first sermon in the place he had himself been preaching in so long. I am sure, it is to the pious minister a moment of soul-engrossing interest: but was it a far less interesting one to the soldier, who had served so long and so well, to see his stripling boy, over whose fair head sixteen years had barely past, buckling for the first time his sword to his side, and preparing to follow in the course which, it might be, he himself had nearly ended, to encounter the same difficulties, and face the same dangers which might, *perhaps, meet* a speedier termination.

Yes, there is a difference of feeling, and if an equal interest be felt by both fathers, it must be of as different a nature as the sight that creates it. The man of peace sees his son about to appear as an ambassador of Christ to serve in the sanctuary in which he has served, and declare the same truths which he has declared, and for which they shall give their account at that day, when the souls they win to Christ shall be their joy and crown of rejoicing in the Lord, or those they neglect or assist in deceiving, shall add to their condemnation: he sees him about to publish peace, to call on men to be reconciled to their God—and when he thinks how he has pleaded with his God for him—how he has longed to see him receive himself those doctrines which he is about to teach unto others—the tear of gratitude is in his eye—that a father's hopes are fulfilled, and a father's prayers are heard.

But the man of war sees his son gird on his sword, in sad evidence that the kingdom of the Prince of peace is not yet come; that nation riseth up against nation, and men learn war from their youth; he seems not the herald of peace, but the stirer up of strife, not the proclaimer of mercy, but the promoter of wrath. Yet to a father, and that father a soldier from his boyhood, interesting and full of feeling must the moment be, when first he *sees the* object of his hopes, his love, his

fears, arrayed in the panoply in which he has grown grey, and preparing to set out in the same profession in which he has served, and in the same service in which he has fought and bled, and toiled and gloried.

In Louisa's apartments, the evening circle was generally a domestic one; and it was curious, in the small group that usually assembled there, to witness the variety of character and feeling developed in their several remarks on the interesting topics of the day. At such times Charles would express the glowing anticipations of the sanguine boy; Courtenay the conjectures of the reflecting, brave, and sensible man; Fitzmorris the deliberate opinion of the old, experienced soldier. Here, or sauntering along some of the fine uplands that bordered our encampment, I enjoyed more peaceful hours than I could have anticipated on first embarking for the theatre of war; we sometimes spoke as politicians, sometimes as soldiers, sometimes—let not the politician nor the soldier smile—sometimes as Christians. How well does memory picture afresh this place to my view, as if it were only yesterday that I had seen it!—the sloping bank on which I have reclined—the vine-clad cottage beneath—the camp with all its array, its sounds and its throng, spread out beyond it—the smoke from the town curling up above the tents, and, far off, the fine spread view, bounded by the

lofty mountains whose tops were encircled by clouds. Here, with Courtenay, I could talk of the past, with the ardent Charles of the future.

CHAPTER IV.

One morning we ascended an eminence in the neighbourhood; a quantity of rain had fallen in the night, (and a night of rain in an open camp is not very agreeable): we rose early, in hopes that a walk under a newly-risen sun would refresh us more than an uncomfortable sleep in a cold, wet tent. The ground was wet, the mists and fogs were not yet dispersed; but over the tops of the hills the sun was brightly shining, and towards them we directed our steps; but when we stood on the spot that had seemed so inviting, we looked down and saw great masses of cloud and mist moving beneath us, and shutting out the view we had expected. An ardent lover of nature, both in her softest and sublimest dress, Charles complained most bitterly of disappointment; a hand was laid upon his shoulder while he spoke, and turning

quickly round, he saw his father, who, with Courtenay, had followed us unperceived.

'Look around, and above and beneath you, my boy'—said Fitzmorris, 'and tell me, does no thought strike you?'

Charles did as he was desired, and looked up to him again: 'None, except that every thing is very dreary and dull looking.'

My eye had followed his, and I said, smiling, 'do you wish to make your son a moralizer, Colonel?'

'Neither old soldiers nor young soldiers are good moralizers,' he answered, 'but the similitude struck my own mind very forcibly, and I am glad that you observed it too.'

'What do you mean?' said Charles, impatiently, 'my imagination, which you say I ought to control, is not so active this gloomy morning as either yours or my friend Traverston's.'

'I thought, on looking down on the murky plain below us, that the situation of those upon it might seem not unlike to that of men in general; men as they are by nature, when they look up, clouds and darkness rest upon their sight—if they raise their eyes they see only a dark vapoury, shadowy scene, their hearts are chilled and cold, for the glorious prospect of heaven is hidden; it is enveloped in the vapours that infidelity and sin have raised. But when the soul is set above these *things, light shines* around it, and above it;

the mists are dispersed, and the clouds that intercepted our view are found to have belonged to earth, and not to heaven.'

'Yes,' said Charles, glancing about him, and then turning his animated face to us, while his hand pointed to the still brightening sky; 'and when, from such a Pisgah's top, we look on to the bright prospect before us, how gladly would we leave the mists that still linger around us, for the pure effulgence of light that is above us.'

Courtenay smiled at the enthusiastic expression of his young cousin's beaming face; but to me it was interesting, it was lovely; I looked upon it, and thought it surely bore the characters I had seen before—characters that seemed to speak of speedily obtaining a passport to a 'better country;' one that seemed more like their own native clime, than this unholy earth.

Courtenay looked thoughtful a moment, and then said to his uncle,

'Are not such sentiments, Sir, respecting our fellow creatures, rather uncharitable? For my part, I would wish to consider every man as having as equal a chance of heaven as myself.'

A cloud passed over his uncle's brow, as he repeated in a deep and solemn tone the word 'Chance!'—he compressed his lips, as he always did when his feelings suffered, *and then* murmured,

'Madness is in the hearts of men while they live, and after that they go to the dead.'

Courtenay reddened highly; I knew that he would not have brooked such a speech from another, and felt unpleasant; but Charles turned hastily around, and his beseeching eyes spoke for him before he could whisper, 'Alick—dear Alick—you know my father.'

'Yes, Alick,' said Fitzmorris, who heard what his son did not intend him to hear—'you know I am no temporizer; I speak to you as to an immortal, and a mortal being; one who stands hour by hour on the very brink of an eternity, in which he is to exist after this life: and I tell you, Alick, that if you have only a *chance* for that eternity, you are lost forever!'

This, to my apprehension, made the matter worse: but Courtenay, who had usually his passions in control, was now restored to his customary equanimity; he saw by his uncle's tone and look, that he was not under the influence of passionate, unkind, or angry feeling when he spoke; and so, as we turned to descend the hill, he said, with a good-humoured carelessness of voice and manner,

'Well, uncle, you will allow me at least the grace of modesty; I only venture to speak of a *chance*, where you speak of certainty.'

'The modesty of infidelity, and certainty of faith!' I murmured to myself, but not too *low for Charles* to overhear me, for he was

walking beside me. I believe it had puzzled both him and his father to make out exactly what sort of person I was; that I had feelings in common with them on religious subjects, they believed; but I disliked, and generally avoided, speaking on them; I seemed to feel the truth of the representations I often heard from them, yet they could not discover that my conduct was at all influenced by them. Now, at last, the sanguine boy thought he had a brother in the faith he held; with an exclamation of joy he put his arm within mine, and briefly expressed the satisfaction he felt.

His words were daggers to me; they made me feel what I never wished to feel; and they placed me in that uneasy situation, which a man of candour must be in, when he knows he is looked upon as a very different character from what he really is, and that a few words from him would alter the favourable opinion of another.

'I know your father is right,' I said, 'because his sentiments, though perhaps more bluffly or plainly expressed, are those I have heard from the persons to whom my mind always recurs, as living exemplifications of what real genuine Christianity is.'

The animation of his countenance gradually subsided.

'But is that all?' he inquired, with a look *of disappointment* and doubt—'that surely is

not your *only* reason, Traverston; you do not rest your belief of the truth of these doctrines, which are not merely the speculative opinions of men, and may be believed or rejected as every man pleases, but are drawn from the revealed word of God, and concern so closely the interests of your soul—you do not surely rest your belief of such things on the loveliness of any character in which you may have seen them exemplified—you surely examine their foundation—you compare them with the statements of Scripture?——'

'Charles,' I exclaimed, hastily interrupting him, 'I will not appear to you, or to any man, different from what I am. I do not hold Courtenay's opinions, (if indeed that can be called an opinion which never cost one moment's serious thought,) because I have always been in the habit of hearing very contrary ones. I was brought up in a family where the doctrines of revelation were believed, and frequently discussed, though I fear not sufficiently practised. I acquired naturally a sort of theoretical knowledge of them, and was for some time a practical Antinomian, or worse. Because I had been taught that human nature was depraved, and man destitute naturally of the ability to do good, and to hate evil, I never thought of *endeavouring* to do the one or the other; because men cannot hope by their own merits to obtain the favour of God, I thought any attempt at strictness of

life must be made through the legal desire of recommending ourselves to the Almighty. In short, to sum up the blackness of my creed at once, because man was a sinner, I thought, or rather allowed myself to be persuaded by Satan, that he must remain the subject and the slave of sin, and that death alone would set him free from it, dismissing him, through the merits of the Saviour, to a world where it was known no more. Thus I went on, neither solicitous to regulate my moral conduct nor to examine into the state of my own heart—that indeed loved ungodliness more than righteousness, and the ways of sin rather than the paths of holiness, yet whispered to me that because I rested my hope of eternal life on the ground that Jesus died, all was well; thus I went on till—' I paused here in my rapid hurrying sketch, for that suffocating sensation came over me that I always felt, nay, that I still in some degree feel, when dwelling on this part of my retrospections. Charles looked at me with deep interest; and ashamed of the emotions that I thought he perceived, I went on, speaking very rapidly, —'till at my father's house I met a friend, a relation of my own, who stripped the veil from my eyes and showed me what I was, and what I ought to be—but oh! she could not make me so!' I stopped; I was sorry I had said this, sorry that I had forgotten my *usual reserve*.

Charles's eyes were still fastened on me, but when I looked at him they were slowly withdrawn with the air of one who is fearful of manifesting an unwarranted curiosity.

'In that state I still continue,' I added. 'I think I see the light of the Gospel, but I walk not in its heavenly influence; I know what is right, but I practise what is wrong; I understand the plan of human redemption, but I cannot like your father, like yourself, believe that *I* am individually included in it.'

A thrill seemed to run through my young companion's frame, and in a voice that seemed as if it reached even to his heart's core, he exclaimed, 'Oh! what a miserable man!'

But Charles was all gentleness and love; the idea of giving pain to another gave pain to himself.

'Pardon me, dear Traverston,' he added, 'I did not design to be unkind; but such a state of mind appears to me so miserable, so awful——'

'It *is* so!' I emphatically rejoined.

'But did your friend leave you in such a state — make no effort——'

I interrupted him by quickening my pace suddenly, and the words 'yes—she left me' broke from my compressed lips before I was aware. It was not until we turned down on the tent-covered plain, that that impetuous *and hurried feeling*, subsiding into the soft-

ness of treasured regret, I murmured, thoughtless of the time that had elapsed since the former words were spoken, 'that friend is in blessedness.'

Charles had been silent, for he saw my agitation, but now he gently said, 'Yet, Traverston ONE Friend never leaves us.'

I turned my head and looked at him. 'Oh! do not look so hopeless, so desponding,' he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon my arm. 'That is the way my dear father used to look at me when I was a little boy, and I thought his eyes pierced to my very heart!'

'You have not often seen me look so, Charles,' I said, averting my face from him.

'No: in general you look as lively, as animated as any one.'

I smiled, I believe bitterly smiled, and repeated the word 'Look!'

Fitzmorris and Courtenay had walked on together to the town, in earnest conversation, and Charles came to breakfast with me in my tent. From this time he became my friend, and, whenever duties and circumstances would admit, my constant companion. To him I imparted many a thought that my own dark mind had brooded over in silence, because there were none among the crowd in which I lived whose feelings I believed to *be in unison* with mine; to him I spoke of

subjects that I would not expose to the profaneness of ridicule, or the indignity of contempt — and further still, to him I even named the names, sacred to my heart, and dear, that never had passed my lips from the hour when, in my soul's first bitterness, I murmured them over the clay-cold corpses that had borne them.

Dear Charles's efforts were unceasingly directed to one great object — the removal of my dark and miserable state as to religion. How distinctly do I remember circumstances in themselves perhaps trivial, but which were connected with the state of my feelings at this period. — Speaking to him one day on my own frame of mind, I let fall some expressions that awoke all the pitying energy that was instantly in exercise when he saw any fellow being involved in error, soul-destroying error. 'Dear Traverston,' he exclaimed, 'do you read the Bible?'

Oh! that question, how it pierced my conscience-smitten heart! — and then, again, the resemblance that I had before remarked seemed so great — those boyish features so lit by the same expression, those soft eyes so full of the same affectionate earnestness — methought if the appellation of Traverston, had been exchanged for the more familiar one of Henry, I might have fancied that I *heard a voice*, that was then singing the glad

anthems of heaven, again address, again plead with a sinful, oh! a deeply sinful mortal! And then too, other scenes were fresh repainted, and my imaginative eye saw again a hand, on which the sickness of death was gathering, feebly extending to me the word of everlasting life; and I heard again the prayer with which the voice closed its soft loved sound forever, — and I saw again that look ——. But I forget myself — were I thus to open up the secrets of my heart, I might as well have continued my retrospective tale at the burying-ground of my father's church.

But though these images and these thoughts passed through my mind with painful rapidity — for the mind will sometimes pursue its own sad chain of thought, while the lip gives answer for answer — it may be, smile for smile — still I replied to my young friend's question: I told him that I *had* read the Bible but that I derived no benefit from doing so; that I believed it was useless for those to whom the Almighty had not given of his Spirit, to do so. 'You know, Charles,' I added, 'that without the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, we read the Scriptures in vain, and as we cannot command its influences, and cannot read to any profit without them, to what purpose do we read at all?'

'*Oh!* Traverston, if ever Satan worked

up a strong delusion, and turned the truth of God into a lie, he has done so in your case!' the affectionate lad exclaimed.

'Why, my friend, where is the use of telling a man to pray, to read the Scriptures, to endeavour to serve his God, when he can do none of these things acceptably, unless he is first given the ability?'

'What is the subject of our Lord's preaching, Traverston?—Repent—and of His Apostles' preaching? every where that men should repent. We are invited to come unto Jesus, to turn unto the Lord—He declares that those who call upon him, he will hear; the invitations of the Gospel are free, universal, unlimited—but our hearts are alienated from God, our wills are perverted: we *will* not come unto him that we may have life. So long as we make a merit or a business of reading the Scriptures, in the delusive hope of winning the favour of God, we are cleaving to the system of works—we derive no benefit and we reap no comfort; as long as we offer up our prayers in the feeling that we are performing a good work, and recommending ourselves to the Lord, we are only casting ourselves further from him. Let us go to the Scriptures, as a wandering traveller to a map of an unknown land, feeling our ignorance, and anxiously desiring to be *directed by the* way we should go—let us

kneel before Him, as a rebel to his sovereign, and ask, not only for pardon through the blood of His cross, but for faith to believe that our pardon is sealed. Traverston, I am but an inexperienced youth; I have never mixed among professing Christians; I know not how they would speak to you; but to you, or to any other sinner, I would say, seek the Lord — seek him in the way he has appointed, by searching his word and imploring the influence of his Spirit, and I would trust his gracious word, that he will not turn away the sinner's prayer nor his mercy from him. You know corporal B—, Traverston?'

'I do — what of him?'

'My father knew him when he was a boy, in Scotland: he ran away from the house of his father, who was a pious man, and joined our regiment; he had taken little with him, except a Bible — a strange companion for a man like him, you will say; but he had a sort of superstitious belief, that as long as he carried about with him the book which his father had taught him to reverence, he was not a reprobate; and very often, after a day spent in profaneness that manifested the complete dereliction of its sacred precepts, he would mechanically, as it were, open the Bible, perhaps foolishly imagining he made *a sort of* atonement for breaking the com-

mands of God by continuing to peruse them. Where was the benefit that man derived from looking thus into the word of God? — Oh! it seems that he was awfully adding to his condemnation — yet, had any one whom he believed was a sincere Christian told him this, and said that he might as well cease from this customary observance, he would I am sure, have done so, and thus put away from him that 'sword of the Spirit,' by which this miserable sinner's heart was yet to be pierced. One night he read, in his usual irreverent way, that lovely text, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and then the following awful one, 'he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son of God, hath not life; but the wrath of God abideth upon him.' He closed the book, but the words did not leave his mind when it was laid by — they recurred again and again; he tried to get rid of them, by saying that they told of nothing *new*, that he had always known and always believed the facts they attested: this would not do — these words remained in his mind till they convinced him that he had never believed the truths of the Gospel, that he had only deceived himself in supposing *he believed* such facts, when no practical

effect was produced by that belief. Then the first prayer of faith ascended, for then he was first convinced of unbelief; he felt then his sinfulness, and the first prayer that his new-born faith prompted was, 'Lord, help my unbelief!' He has ever since continued a truly pious and consistent character, showing indeed, in his every-day conduct, the effects of 'faith that worketh by love;' and thus the Bible, that was read as a task, or from the effects of early habits, and carried about with him as a sort of talisman, was made in the end, effectual to his soul's salvation.'

As he said these words, I placed my hand instinctively on the breast of my regimental coat, felt there the talisman which I too carried, and breathed a silent prayer that it might be made effectual to the same end. But this feeling, like many another, died away before it prompted the energy of action, and my little talisman, a neatly-bound Polyglot Testament, was suffered to remain in the deposit where it was always kept with sacred reverence.

CHAPTER V.

THE following day I had been kept confined to the lines of our encampment by military duties; but in the evening, when released, I walked over to the town, intending to spend it more pleasantly with Courtenay and Louisa. On entering her apartment, I found her sitting on a sofa, playing the guitar, which she was accompanying with her soft, sweet voice. Courtenay was thrown carelessly on the other end of it, with his figure inclined towards his wife, supporting himself on his elbow, while his fine countenance expressed the manly affection and the softened feelings that filled his breast. Colonel Fitzmorris sat by, looking at them both with affection, and perhaps pitying regard.—After-circumstances made me remember the picture of that evening well, and still more forcibly impressed on my mind the truth of that motto that every man might adopt as his own, 'Firmum in vita nihil.'

Fitzmorris and I were soon deeply engaged in discussing the state of public affairs, in conjecturing the movements of the French *army, the designs* of Soult, and of Reignier,

and Junot, and Ney, — names that once were wafted on the trumpet of fame and died away with its passing breath! — and the probable issue of the war we were now engaged in.

Fitzmorris was an experienced officer, a man of deep reflection and sound understanding; his opinion was slowly formed and carefully considered, but, when once made up, was expressed with a degree of firmness and decision that sometimes made it appear almost dogmatical. The politician had been set at defiance by the revolutions that had convulsed and changed the face of Europe; but where the speculation of the politician, the sagacity of the statesman, the conjectures of the soldier were set at nought, Fitzmorris looked on with the steady eye of a Christian.

Though anarchy, injustice, ambition, and crime, covered and desolated the world, and it seemed wholly abandoned to the caprices, ambition, and tyranny of monarchs and men, still he knew there was a ruling power guiding, and governing, and forming the apparent chaos; that the revolution of empires, the fall and rise of kingdoms, were not the work of chance, but the performance of the will of the Most High: though he permitted the tempest to gather and rage in seemingly wild indiscriminating fury, He sat above it, and *directed it* where to blow, and stilled it when

its work was done. He believed that the man on whom the eyes of the world were fixed in astonishment and fear, whose wild ambition had raised him above his fellows, and rendered him pre-eminent in crime as in fame — that he was but an instrument in the great worker's hands, that when he had done His work, who can make the worst passions of men subservient to his cause, and ordain the wrath of man to be his praise, he should be laid aside as a useless thing; that when he had gone the lengths the Almighty permitted, the fiat should go forth, 'Thus far, and no further, shalt thou go!—here shall the proud waves of thy glory be staid, and though they rage and toss themselves, they shall not prevail — for I have set them bounds that they shall not pass over.'

It was in this way we were conversing when, Louisa's music having ceased, Courtenay called us to account for our inattention to it, laughingly saying,

'I see, Traverston, you do not dread the influence of campaigning, as I do; and my uncle, I suppose, thinks it can no longer have any upon him; but as for me I am taking every precaution against it.'

'You are willing to allow to music all the softening powers that Shakespeare does, I suppose,' I replied.

'*Louisa does* all she can to undo what

war has done,' he said, smiling, 'and to obviate if possible its hardening influence for the future; and if the rock can be softened and the knotted oak bent, perhaps the ruggedness of feeling which she dreads may be subdued.'

'And is it to the tinkling of a guitar and our own native song of 'Gramachree' you would look for such a great result?' Louisa inquired, laughingly. 'But why,' she added, 'always remind us of war and its horrors? Surely we are here so shut in from such sights and sounds, (thanks to Spanish precaution, that turned our windows from the street, and fenced us in with walls and enclosures,) that we might make ourselves believe we were safely seated in some barrack at home.'

'Till the French come in and tell you otherwise,' said Fitzmorris, with a smile.

Now, if Alexander had said that, I could not have forgiven him! But come, dear uncle, let us talk no more of the French, and of enemies and war, let us speak of home, and friends, and peace.'

As the words passed her lips, Charles flung open the door; his appearance, and the heightened colour, that showed his walk from the camp had been a hasty one, made us each start from our seats. 'We march *to-morrow*,' were his first words,—we look-

ed our eager expectation of further tidings — 'a courier has just come with news of the enemy's advance.' 'Alick!' Fitzmorris exclaimed, and started forward. Louisa had dropped upon the floor — Courtenay, almost as pale, hung over her — a sad announcement this of her fitness to be a soldier's wife! — thus to sink in the very beginning of sorrows! He raised her on the sofa and supported her with his arm — 'Louisa, my love, what is all this for?' — he looked away, for his voice was husky; and though unused to contend with feminine weaknesses and feelings, he could not brook that silent, sorrow-stricken look from one he loved — one who loved him so well.

Fitzmorris looked through the high-barred window; Charles stood self-condemned for having so unguardedly made his communication; and I — shall my own feelings be told again? — I felt almost *glad*, that if I fell, the eyes that would have wept me most, could weep no more — the heart that would have broken when my own heart-strings failed, could feel no longer.

When I called back my thoughts from the direction they were taking, I saw Charles bending over poor Louisa, whose hand he held in his, his pleading eyes fastened in intense anxiety and fondness on her pale *face, while her* husband, at her other side,

alternately soothed and affectionately chided, and struggled with his own feelings, while he fondly reproved hers, and cleared his voice to exhort her to more indifference and greater firmness. She still looked like a figure suddenly converted into stone, all her features were so motionless, and her face so colourless.

Courtenay looked towards his uncle, as if to demand assistance from one who had been longer accustomed to such things, and exclaimed, 'What is to be done with her? — would she had never left England!'

The words appeared to have an electric effect on Louisa: that frightful immovability of feature disappeared — her animation was restored — she turned towards her husband, and struggling at a smile, laid her hand on his arm, and said, in a broken voice, 'Alexander, will not *you* excuse my weakness? — my first it is — it will be the last.' She evidently did not know what she was saying; she stopped and trembled as the last word was uttered.

Fitzmorris turned about; I thought a tear stood in his firm eye. He went over to the sofa; and, asking Charles to give him his place, took her hand between his, and spoke to her for some minutes in a low tone. Is that the man, thought I, who is generally *supposed to be* cold, impenetrable? He soft-

ened and soothed Louisa's feelings, though what he said I know not; the tears fell fast from her eyes, but the appearance of colour returned, though slightly, to her cheek and lips. So well can one who himself has felt, know how to feel for others.

Louisa gave him her hand when he rose, and only said, 'I thank you'—and then we went away, and left Courtenay and her together.

'Oh!' Charles exclaimed, as we left the house, 'how happy would it be for Louisa, if she could quietly leave poor Alick in the hands of his heavenly Father, who holdeth our souls in life, and can cover our heads in the day of battle—how miserable must she be without such a trust—how miserable must the knowledge of her wretchedness make poor Alick!'

His father turned pale; he probably thought of one who had spared him, as far as an heroic concealment of her own feelings could, such misery—who had for his sake appeared to rise above her sex's weakness, and saved him on many an awful day the wound that her tears would have given.

At day-break next morning, the bugles and trumpets awoke me from the sleep into which I had not long fallen. I sprang from my mattrass, and hastily dressing, was soon after in the line of march, and on my way to

intercept, as we thought, the progress of the French army.

As the town from before which we had broken up was garrisoned, and out of the line that the enemy was pursuing, Courtenay had allowed his wife to remain there until he could send her further intelligence; for though extremely desirous that she should return to England, she had so earnestly petitioned for this indulgence, that he could not deny it; yet it left on his own mind a continued weight of anxiety. When we reached the top of the hill from which we had our last view of the town, I turned to look and think for a moment of the poor disconsolate creature we left there, and image to myself her feelings when those martial sounds struck upon her ear, seeming to proclaim, perhaps, to her, the danger or the death of her husband.

Our route lay through beautiful and romantic scenery — alternately peaceful, and soft, and sublime, and magnificent. The destructive ravages of the French army were not visible here. The cottages were inhabited, and did not look as we afterwards saw them, when the scourge of war had swept by them. The remembrance of the sweet orange gardens, the blushing vineyards, whose grapes we tasted on our sultry way, *through* the kindness of the peasants, the

lovely valleys, the majestic rivers and romantic streams and the scenes of peace, and sometimes of careless merriment, we witnessed, as the cottagers sat in the evening before their doors smoking their cigars, with neighbours, or met in a merry group to dance to the sound of the sprightly castinets, made us, when we passed this way again, and saw the wide-wasting desolation, the ruthless spoliation that had been flung around, feel still more indignant at their daring invaders and oppressive tyrants.

The third day of our march we halted in a small plain. The surrounding ground was broken into deep, short ravines, between small ridges of hills and rocks, and this was bounded again by a loftier chain of hills, extending almost in a semi-circular form. Here our tents were soon pitched, and we sat down, tired and very hungry, to our dinners. The meal was hardly despatched, when a staff-officer, attended by a courier, galloped over the ground, and rode up to our general's quarter. Such a sight is always one of great interest and much speculation in a camp; a thousand conjectures and disjointed rumours are instantly afloat, and many a tale, though generally never a true one, is rapidly circulated, and eagerly listened to.

It was soon known that he brought an order to our general to remain stationary until

further directions, as large corps of the enemy's forces were known to be hovering in this direction. It was conjectured that he would soon come to an engagement, and another division of our army was on its march to co-operate with ours, if such was the case.

In consequence of these tidings, dispositions were made for a more permanent cantonment. Picquets were stationed on the heights, and reconnoitering parties ordered out; and then began that state of eager and impatient expectation in which a soldier lives, while the enemy is daily expected to appear in sight.

While we lay here, frequent information was brought to us of his advance; but this information was suddenly changed: it was affirmed, that he had altered his route, and was marching in an opposite direction. Both officers and men seemed to share in a feeling of disappointment on these tidings, for a state of inaction in the very seat of war is not that most suited to a soldier's mind. All the anxiety and excitement that had existed in the camp seemed suddenly to die away, and we all looked less important and less busy than we had done before.

It was a night or two after this information, that I was ordered to take my turn on picquet. No subsequent events of a varied life *have ever* made me forget those of that night.

It was soft, but not brilliant, moonlight; a haziness, almost inclining to fog, affected the atmosphere, and made every thing appear still more calm and quiet than it would otherwise. To him who loved the season for anxious thought, and a scene for calm reflection, a night like this, on outline picquet, removed from the sounds, and the crowds, and the sight of a camp, might be almost invaluable. To a feeling, a romantic, or a melancholy mind, such a night has its charms. I do not say which of these frames was mine, but every thing was so soft, so stilly, so silent about me, that I felt a calm and tranquil pleasure, and could have thought myself leagues from human society, although not far from a crowded and noisy camp. Here I felt there was a joy in solitude, at least in temporary solitude; to retire for a time from the eye and the voice of man, is sweet! No eye, no voice, met mine — no sound fell on my ear but the measured footsteps of the sentinels, as they paced up and down, while one or another occasionally whistled in a low tone some note of a native air, that was probably coupled in his own mind, poor fellow, with tender recollections, and just fell now and then upon my ear to rivet my thoughts still firmer on the memory of former times. Oh! at such an hour, when all is so lovely, *so calm, so still,* when the pale moon-beam

glances on the dark rocks around you, and plays gently on the mountain stream beneath you, when the heaven with its glorious garniture is above you, and nature with all its wild and pensive loveliness around you, the mind cannot be filled with the passing trifles that occupied it in the gaudy hour of day; and often, tired with wandering among those with whom perhaps it has had no fellowship, it turns in at such a time upon itself to feed on memory for the sweets it yields. The thoughts that have flown from trifle to trifle, seldom stationary, and seldom occupied, are now called home, and meditate on subjects, that day, with all its bustles, and cares, and business, and society, with all its interpositions, and vexations, and temptations, leaves no room for.

When we rise on a fine morning, and look out on a fair prospect, and a gloriously-risen sun, hope may smile upon us; but at such an hour as this the moonlight gleam of memory, cold, but sweet, is before us; the eyes of the absent or the dead beam on us with their looks of love, their voices fall upon our ears — the scenes we have loved and left are before us.

It was thus I mused or thought away the night — backward I often looked, forward almost never. My hopes of this world's *happiness* had ceased to be very sanguine,

and I did not possess that glorious hope, full of immortality, that gilds the futurity to which I looked.

To hope (I mean earthly hope) they say all men are indebted. I believe it; but were it not for her soft, pale sister, memory, I had been at such times, lonely and unhappy. She pictured to me scenes that had been, so vividly, that I lived in them again, and in my waking-dream forgot that I was a lonely sentry on a Spanish hill, instead of being seated by the sides of those whom I loved in a British home. But deeper reflections would sometimes mingle in my retrospective survey, and then thoughts of the future would arise, and I would look up darkly to the firmament, and pause to think of things of weighty and eternal interest.

At day-break I was to have been relieved, but when the relief came it was indeed needed; our comrades came up not to discharge us from a peaceful watch, but to stand by our side in the shock of an engagement.

Some light companies of the enemy, who had gained upon us during the night, taking advantage of the ground where the ravines and hills covered their approach, silently attacked the advanced picquets. Our men, though surprised, nobly stood to the charge; but, overwhelmed by superior numbers, after a *few minutes'* stout resistance, they were ob

the point of being driven in, when, the relief coming up, they rallied again; the alarm was soon given, and corps after corps despatched to our aid. Oh! the hurry of that hour, when the love of life lost its influence, and the maddening irritation of the moment made a scanty band superior to that dread of death which we find natural in the time of calm reflection!

It was a murderous conflict. Our brave fellows at length wavered; it was vain longer to cheer, longer to animate them — they fell back before the shout of 'Vive l' Empereur,' with which the enemy rushed in upon them. At that instant the inspiring cry of 'forward' struck on their ear — a fresh band, panting and breathless, ascended the hills, and Courtenay at its head, impetuously urging its speed, dashed on like a lion to the prey, his gallant spirit burning to save or avenge his slaughtered countrymen; I saw his sword gleam above his head: I saw, though my sight was fast growing dim, young Fitzmorris charge at his side, and gallantly plunge into the thick of the fight. The enemy did not long stand the impetuous charge, they gave back, and more forces coming up to help, they retired down the hill. I heard a poor wounded soldier, from the ground beside me, exclaim, 'They run, they run!' *and I heard* no more — my sword dropped

from my hand, and I remember nothing further until I awoke to recollection in my own tent, and saw Charles Fitzmorris sitting beside me.

'Thank God!' he exclaimed, when I looked at him, 'I thought you would never open your eyes again, Traverston; but the surgeon says your wounds are slight, and that your insensibility was caused by exhaustion, and the quantity of blood you must have lost. Some of the men said they saw you receive a wound almost at the first onset—why did you not retire sooner?'

'Retire! Charles, would you have had me retire when some brave fellows were fighting on the ground beside me? Who, at such a time, could feel their wounds as long as they had strength to stand? But Courtenay?'

'Oh! he is safe, unhurt—a little scratched, I believe, but quite well; he is with the general now.'

'Is the general satisfied?'

'Satisfied! can you ask such a question? The surprise was well conducted on the enemy's part, but it was well met on yours.'

'The men did their duty well,' I replied; and overcome with fatigue and weakness, I fainted again.

When I recovered, my tent was filled with *officers, all testifying* a friendly anxiety for

me; but the surgeon who had been called by Charles to attend me, declared that I only wanted rest, and to regain my strength a little, and ordered me to be left to repose; they accordingly all withdrew, leaving only Charles, who seated himself by me, to be my attendant. Dear, affectionate youth! how invaluable to me has been your tenderness, your friendship, your sympathy!

I had not the mortification — for it would, I acknowledge, have been a mortification — to be laid upon a bed of pain and languor, while my companions in arms were engaged with the enemy. After the repulse of his attack on our picquets, he retired behind the range of hills I mentioned before, and from thence watched our motions, and sent reconnoitering parties, which often approached very near to our line. Some small skirmishes took place with these parties, but I was well and able to go into the field before any manifestations of an open engagement were observed.

Courtenay, to the astonishment of all who saw him, had escaped almost unhurt; Charles told me that while hurrying with him to our relief, he had thought of Louisa, and prayed for his safety. 'I determined,' said the gallant boy, 'to keep as close to him as I could, *and*, if my life could preserve his, to save it.'

'*Courtenay* would not thank you for a life

purchased at such a cost, Charles,' I said, smiling.

'Ah! I do not know that — men may talk as they will; but when the hurry of the fight is not going on, there is no one who has not a sure hope concerning their state in the world to come, who would not be well content to remain in this.'

'And is there any man but the wretched, the wo-worn, who is sickened of life, that would not?'

'Yes; I think the believer, who knows that "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," is "reserved in heaven," for him, may feel an anxiety, a longing to enter on it, though here he be neither wretched nor wo-worn, nor sick of life. Many joys may surround him, but the joy set before him, the joy of his Lord, so exceedingly surpasses them all, that when by the eye of faith he contemplates the abundance of his Father's house, he may feel it "necessary to pray" for submission to the divine will, that still leaves him an exile and a sojourner in a strange land; that relieves indeed his poverty, and sends him large evidences of his Father's love, but delays still to call him home to enjoy the riches, and taste the joys reserved for him.'

'Charles, you seem to consider death as a more *positive* good than most people; it is

usual to speak of it as at best a negative one, an escape from the sorrows, the sufferings, and sins of life.'

'I know it is so; and I believe that while the Christian tabernacles in clay, and his heaven-born, regenerated spirit, is pent up in a body of sin and death, and weighed down by mortal cares, anxieties, and crosses; while he is subjected to the conflict between the "flesh and Spirit," beset by temptations, and exposed to sins, he must often turn with secret pleasure to the prospect of laying these things aside forever, of having done with life and all its evils. But this seems to me an unworthy feeling. What sort of opinion would we have of the soldier who was perpetually longing to have done with the service of his king, wishing each campaign to end, and thinking he had borne, and suffered, and served long enough? I have never, you know, lived among, or conversed much with religious people. My dear father goes on in his straight-forward way, looking simply to his Saviour, and seldom enters into any discussion that does not concern the first fundamental doctrines of salvation: therefore, what I say to you, is not said so much as a matter of opinion as the expression of my own feelings.'

'And therefore is infinitely more agreeable *to me,' I said.*

Charles smiled: 'I was afraid you might think I was inclined to set forth my opinions, wishing you to adopt them.'

'Not at all; so you may fearlessly proceed.'

'Well; let me tell you what I think of the feelings with which a believer looks forward to death. Suppose for a moment, that instead of belonging to the British service, we were an army of adversaries; and instead of coming here to defend the poor Portuguese, or assist the oppressed Spaniards, we were merely seeking our fortunes by the sword. Now, in such a case, if our general led us up the summits of the Pyrennees, and showed us the lovely provinces of southern France, and told us they would be ours when our service was done, do you think we would look forward to the end of that service more as a relief from trials, or as the era that would put us in possession of all we could desire? Just such is my feeling when I think on death; it is a thought of joyful anticipation, that could, I believe, make my heart glow in happiness, as well as be its consolation in trouble. When I read the promises of God to believers, and think of their full completion, when faith shall be turned to sight. When I think of my suffering Saviour, and look forward to beholding him crowned with *glory, Oh, then* I am hardly content to linger

here, though I believe my lot in life has fallen to me in as pleasant places as that of most persons; I mean that I am as free from trials, and cares, and vexations, as any human being I suppose could be. Yes, Traverston, when I picture to myself the new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, perfect universal righteousness; when I think of the full fruition of blessedness that believers enjoy in the presence of their Lord, I feel that then my soul is "looking forward, hastening unto the coming of the day of God."'

I thought of the awful description of that day, which is given in the verse he quoted, 'wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.' 2 Peter iii. 12. And that faith appeared strong indeed that could triumphantly look for, and joyfully haste unto such a day.

We had been conversing in my tent, where I lay in the heat of the day, stretched on my mattrass, for I had not then recovered my strength, Charles was sitting on a camp-stool beside me, and neither of us observed that there was a listener to our conversation; Courtenay had come in unperceived; and though he only made a smiling remark on our noticing him, he did not appear to be al*together* *un*impressed with its seriousness.

'What an enthusiastic boy that is!' he said, as Charles left the tent.

'He is a heavenly-minded boy,' I exclaimed with warmth.

'Oh! he has always been a very saint; and I think, Traverston, he has found a disciple in you.'

'Would that he had!'

'Why, surely you do not want to be more religious than you are?'

I always disliked speaking on religion with persons who I thought would only lead me more astray, and so I replied, rather emphatically, 'Perhaps, Courtenay, neither you nor I know anything at all of real religion.'

'Perhaps not;' he answered, with unimpaired good-humour, and a look that seemed to say the doubt gave him little uneasiness. But a moment after he looked thoughtfully, and said, after a short silence, as if abruptly breaking off a chain of thought: 'Well, let us make our lives as correct as we can, and then I hope a soldier's death, in a righteous cause—if we die—will be a passport for us to another world.'

'Take up the Sierras in your puny hand,' said a deep-toned voice behind us, 'hurl yonder rock from its basis; but think not to offer unto God a satisfaction for your soul's sinfulness. Neither the correctness of your *life, (if correct* you call it) nor the nobleness

of your death, can avail you aught. There is no plea you dare to offer Him, but the death and merits of his Son.'

'I should be very sorry to deny those merits, uncle.'

'There is the way that men deceive themselves, and contrive to destroy their souls so gently, that they are not to be convinced of their self-destruction till it is too late,' said Fitzmorris.

'Why, Aliek, I tell you that you live every day of your life in the practical denial of those merits: and in what you said just now to Traverston, you denied them. If you read in your Bible the account of the Redeemer's death, and fully and entirely believed that it was the eternal, ever-living God, who bowed his head upon the cross, and cried, "It is finished!" and if you weighed the full import of these few words, it is impossible, that if you believed, you would attempt to add to his finished work, that you would not cast your soul upon it for salvation; and seeing that Jesus loved you and gave himself for you, you would love him, and give up your sins and your pride for him, and desire to be holy, and humble, and to live with him and to him.'

Courtenay seemed a little displeased by his uncle's decisive and uncompromising *manner:* but willing to avoid such argu-

ments, he left the tent; and while Fitzmorris was saying to me, 'a friend to all truth, but the truth of God,' he put his head in again at the door, and said, laughingly, 'uncle, I do not think myself by a full half so bad a man as you think me.'

CHAPTER VI.

I HAD just recovered my strength, and was able either to march forwards, or take the field with my companions, when we were roused at midnight by the beat of the alarm drum. We started up, and stood to arms, for the picquets had sent word that the enemy was in motion; but after two hours' anxious expectation, it was discovered that they were retiring; their camp fires were left burning, but they had drawn off behind the hills: and the following day we were ordered to fall back, as it was discovered that the project the French had long meditated, of re-entering Portugal, they were about to put into execution.

Napoleon was then at the height of his *overgrown power*, and exercising what might

seem the extent of an ambition that was really boundless. Strange and singular man! raised up for no common purpose, serving no common end, it might seem that even he had been sent into the world to teach men the wisdom they are so slow to learn! He had left no state on the continent of Europe capable of opposing his daring projects, or counteracting his ambitious schemes: no treaties could hold, no faith could bind, no religion restrain him. Italy was conquered — the Pope stripped of the temporal power to obtain which, his predecessors had toiled, and panted, and sinned against God and man: the ancient empire of Charlemagne was reversed, and the title of Emperor of Germany existed no longer among the list of monarchs: the power of Austria had been nearly annihilated — the battle of Jena had been fought — the martial pride of Prussia subdued, and its king, with the remnant of his army, driven into the last fortress that he possessed in his own dominions. The fairest and richest countries had been desolated — the freest and bravest subjugated; mountains and rocks, rivers and forests, had afforded no sanctuary to the spirit of freedom, no barrier to the insatiable rage of conquest, the fury of wild ambition. Spain and Portugal alone, still resisted the usurper, and struggled *with the tyrant*; and even their struggle, but

for British counsel, and British arms had been desperate.

The brave patriots of Spain had testified their hatred of the odious government of Joseph Buonaparte, and their determination to resist the oppressor, by their desperate defence of Saragossa — a name that may be as dear to the patriot and the lover of liberty, as many another that has been handed down to us encircled with the honours of succeeding ages. But still, though ardour, and patriotism, and undisciplined courage may do much, it is hard for them to contend with those to whom war is a science, a trade, an amusement: they could not often stand against French tactics united with French valour: their enemies had pierced the defiles of the Sierra Morena, and possessed themselves of the province of Grenada, and that of Andalusia; Cadiz was besieged; and Portugal was again threatened.

Wellington's object was to defend the latter, and we were ordered to join his army on the strong position he had taken up on the frontier. Our tents were soon struck, and we were again in motion. On our way we heard of the advance of Massena, and the siege of Ciudad-Rodrigo. Courtenay was standing beside me when the news was circulated; I observed him turn pale, and *inquired, did he* feel unwell. He briefly

answered, 'No;' and sighing heavily, moved a few paces off. 'What can be the matter?' I asked, turning to another officer beside me. 'I do not know, I am sure,' was the careless answer; but Charles Fitzmorris, who overheard me, said, in a low voice, 'You forget Louisa.' Poor Louisa! she had been left in a very poorly defended town on the frontier. Courtenay had done all he could to prevail on her to remove at all events to Lisbon, if she would not return to England; but she foolishly thought, that if in the same country with her husband, she could hear more of him — perhaps reach him easier.

The cloud of anxiety never removed from Courtenay's brow while on the march; and when we halted, he did not, as usual, seek a resting place beneath the shade of the same tree, or join the circle round the same fire with his brother officers: he avoided all conversation, all allusion to the subject on which his mind so intently dwelt, that often his military duties were performed rather as a mechanical service, than with the promptitude, the alacrity, and attention to discipline, that made him, together with his known and tried valour, be regarded as one of the best officers in the service. I pitied him the more, when I found he was one of those who could not, or would not, suffer his feelings to

be known, and claim our sympathy and pity by their detail.

The untouched vineyards and uninjured corn-fields, as we retraced our route, showed us the French had not passed by this line of march before us. But as we advanced, the symptoms of terror the poor peasants entertained of their invaders became apparent: the cottages were closed or deserted, the sounds of mirth had ceased, and anxious fear, or eager inquiry was pictured on every face that approached our line, to ask information from our soldiers of the progress of the French army.

As we approached the town we had left, these symptoms became more and more visible; and when we came in view of it, the cloud deepened on poor Courtenay's brow. No sound was stirring, no smoke was rising, no living thing appeared to be moving back and forward; we entered it, and desolation seemed to dwell in its streets, and move round its empty houses. Scarcely an inhabitant remained in the town, the Spanish garrison had been withdrawn on the news of Massena's approach, and they had fled to seek for safety elsewhere. We passed by the house where we had spent so many cheerful evenings — neither Louisa's guitar, nor her voice were heard there now. I avoided looking at Courtenay. None of the

few persons who remained here could tell us what was become of his poor wife: the house she had lived in was closed and deserted. Next morning we left the cheerless place, four of us at least, with heavier hearts than when we entered it. As we marched out, I thought of the last evening we spent there formerly; and, as the thought occurred, my eye fell on Courtenay. I had avoided meeting his, for his look spoke so forcibly, though his lips were silent, that I felt unnerved by it. But now our eyes encountered, and we looked steadily at each other for about a second; and then his, as if satisfied with the mute intelligence that spoke of friendly sympathy, slowly turned away, and not a syllable was exchanged between us on the subject, till we joined the army of Wellington on the heights of Busaco.

Our march had been a hasty and a fatiguing one, yet we had only arrived in time to join in the severe conflict that was expected on the morrow.

That night Fitzmorris and his son walked to the verge of the lofty Sierra, to overlook a magnificent and awe-imposing scene. I guessed their intention when I saw them leave the line together, and followed them to the spot on which they stopped. The veteran's arm was raised as I came up, either *pointing* out to the young, ardent soldier by

his side, some objects that had more particularly struck his own eye; or it might be only in the energy of speaking — I know not, for I was too much engrossed when I joined them to think of anything but the sight before me. It was not, however, so new to him, it did not burst upon him with all that fulness of effect which it produced on such raw soldiers as myself.

We stood on the lofty heights of the Sierra de Busaco: beneath us lay an extent of country brilliantly illuminated by the enemy's watch-fires, and covered over with the vast columns of his army. The clear bright blaze ascending at times high into the air, revealed the scenery almost distinctly; showing us the piled arms that were to be grasped or levelled on the morrow for the work of death; the plumed and helmetted warriors that passed and re-passed between them; the enormous masses of men that lay in repose, unconscious that ere to-morrow's night they might make that ground their bed forever; the bright glancing of steel, and the redder reflection from the brazen helmets, and the glittering accoutrements of the assembled hosts — the cavalry, the artillery, and the long train of a great army — all was momentarily revealed, and again enveloped in shadow — then the forms dimly seen, the *fitful lights* darting up for a moment, and

falling on piles of arms, swords, muskets, bayonets, and ordnance — revealing a little more distinctly, the shadowy figures of armed men and innumerable war-horses, and then sinking and leaving the scene darker and heavy — Oh! it was altogether a sight of overwhelming interest.

Charles looked at me and again at his father, and then his eye slowly mounted upwards to the heavens as if he would read in the page of futurity the lot of the congregated thousands on whom he had been gazing.

'Oh! it was a soul-impressing thought! — the state of so many immortal souls, to-morrow fixed, eternally fixed — and they, so many of them, if they thought at all of a future world, or believed there was one, viewing it as shadowy, dark — one that they could know nothing of till they entered it: or else buoying up their souls with the strong delusions of superstition, the supports that the Roman Catholic religion offers to lull the anxious soul to rest until it wakes to find 'it has loved and believed a lie!'

The conquerors of so many lands were before us, some of them stretched in repose, others pacing up and down before their watch-fires, others chatting in groups around them, probably talking their battles over again; and others perhaps, to whom fell a *more important* trust, were then deciding on

the plan of attack with which the morning should commence.

'But what will it matter those who fall to-morrow,' said Charles, 'that they have uttered the shout of victory on Austerlitz—that they have swept victorious over Jena, and Wagram, and Friedland; and that over all the names they are now proudly recalling to mind, their eagles have flown undauntedly? What will it value them when they go to appear before their God, that they have reversed states, deposed kings, putting down one and setting up another—and what use will it then be to them that they pursued their fame until it expired with themselves on the field of blood.'

'How many of these men must fall to-morrow!' said Fitzmorris, who had been sternly eyeing the scene before him.

'Perhaps some of ourselves among the first, father,' replied his son. Fitzmorris instinctively grasped his arm, and turned away with him, as if the words conveyed some keen prognostic to his parental heart; but, a moment after, ashamed of the feeling he had let appear, he dropped his arm again, and walked on a few paces before us.

'My poor father!' Charles whispered. 'Well,' he added with a smile, 'if I were an unbeliever I should be a coward!'

'Why religion is generally said to be unfit for military men, because it makes them *cowards, Charles.* I have heard it said that

those who think deeply of their accountability hereafter, and are in continual apprehension of their state after death, can never face danger undauntedly.'

'Oh! I grant you that. If I were to think of my accountability hereafter with the expectation of being obliged to render in such an account as would obtain me admittance to heaven, truly I should shrink from the thought, and tremble at death; for I would believe it would be to me an entrance on everlasting misery.

I gazed upon his pure countenance while he spoke, and had I been untaught in sacred truths, I should have exclaimed,—'you, Charles! so pure, so innocent, so good—you dread to give to your God the account you owe, unmarked as it is, in its few brief pages, with the stain of sin, the blot of a single vice!' But I knew too well what the state of fallen humanity was thus to speak, and Charles went on.

'And then, as to apprehension of our state after death—if I felt that apprehension, I should, I know, fear danger too: but this belongs not to the faith of Christ—it is the absence of that faith that makes us fearful; and when the believer fears, he is, like Peter, ready to sink: he ceased to fear when the Saviour's hand upheld him, and he who believes that Christ died that the sinner might *live, does* not fear. Oh! if I looked only at

myself, I might well tremble, but when I look to Jesus I fear nothing!'

Sweet, holy, happy youth, I thought, as, rolled in my cloak, I lay down on the mountain to rest my tired limbs a little, before the spirit-stirring drum should call us up to strife and arms—it might be to blood, and wounds, and death. Sweet, holy youth, I thought, had I thy faith I should share the happiness of thy joyous heart!'

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning's dawn showed us the formidable array of the enemy; and the discharge of cannon, and the long, heavy roll of musketry announced to us the commencement of their attack on our position. We were soon ordered forward; when nearly ready to move, Courtenay dropped for an instant from his command, and coming up to me put his hand on my shoulder, and said, in a low, hurried tone—'Traverston, men like us cannot tell what is before us: in case these fellows penetrate further, you will perhaps push on to *Lisbon*. If I—you will remember—*you will inquire*—my wife—perhaps——'

He was agitated and hurried, but I understood him. I had only time to grasp his hand and say, 'Depend on me,' when he fell into his place; and our regiment was soon in action.

It is not my intention to dwell on battle details; it was when the fight was done, the attack repulsed, and we breathed from the scene of strife, that I sought intelligence of Courtenay: a fearful misgiving hung over me, and I almost expected to find he was numbered with the slain; but I found him at the command he had been assigned, safe and unhurt. Charles was not with us, but he was soon after found upon the side of a hill, down which the detachment he was with had pursued the flying enemy: he was reclining on his elbow, looking pale, and the blood flowing from his side. My eye fell on his sweetly composed face; I darted towards him, but I could not speak: he smiled and said, 'It is nothing, Traverston—a mere flesh wound.'

I hoped it was the case, and had him carried to his father's tent. I could not follow him, and duty detained Fitzmorris elsewhere; he did not know of his son's state until he came up, when I had at last got to him. He fixed his eyes firmly on the wounded lad, then turning to the surgeon who was with him, bluntly asked, 'is it dangerous?' 'Not at all,' was the answer that set us all at ease; Fitzmorris turned away and uttered a loud, *emphatic* 'hem!' What would this man suf-

fer, thought I, if it was the will of Heaven, or, as some would say, the chance of war, that he should lose this youth. I saw, however, that the wound was not, as the surgeon had said, at all dangerous, but promised on the contrary a very speedy cure; and business calling me away, as another attack was expected, and our line of battle to be preserved, I left him to take my station on a very elevated position, where, with my party, I passed the night in such reflections as such a scene and such circumstances must, I think, excite in a mind that is capable of reflection or feeling.

On that night we were, indeed, obliged to

'Lie down to rest with the corslet braced,'

our arms by our sides, and our battle line unbroken. But the morning was not ushered in with the horrid sounds of war sinning against its purity and freshness. The enemy drew off: and soon after we were on the way to Lisbon, on which Wellington had resolved to retire.

Oh! Britain—happy, enviable Britain—hemmed in by the waves, and enclosed, like a gem, in the bosom of the ocean: proud of thy privileges thou art; but, oh! be thankful for them. No scourge of war sweeps thy plains—no tyrants oppress thy free-born sons—no fell superstition conjures up its train *of evils, and lies* darkly on the genius, the

spirit, the minds of thy children. Give me thy clouded sky, thy tame prospects, thy ungenial clime, and let me share with these, the blessings and the exemptions that have fallen to thy lot.

Such thoughts passed in my mind, as we continued our march through scenes of chilling and blighting desolation. In pursuance of the order they had received, the unfortunate Portuguese fled before the approach of Massena's army, destroying all the property they could not carry away; ruining every thing that had tended to their own subsistence, and which might contribute now to the support of their enemies. Oh, it was a dreary scene! I have been told that the heart of a soldier, after one campaign, is steeled: mine was not then—is not, I believe, still. There was not an empty cottage, with its neglected flowers trampled down and withered, its untrellised walls, its desolated air, but spoke to my heart; not a deserted village but conjured up in my imagination, full many a tale of wo and pity, which was doubtless far exceeded by the reality, could that reality be known.

Along the road we met troops of the forlorn and destitute people, some of whom were carrying with them whatever they could save of their little treasures; and some of these, too, were fair and delicate, unaccustomed, *apparently*, to the rubs and distresses of life; *but Ah! though* they might save a portion of

the comforts they had enjoyed, they could not save that best of treasures and of comforts —a happy, peaceful home!—the homes of their fathers had been deserted, perhaps forever; the quiet retreats of their youth, the houses in which they had expected their children, and children's children would have grown grey; and now they went along forlorn, outcasts from them, 'weeping as they went.'

Many a piteous tale we heard from these poor creatures, who were all crowding on to the capital in search of safety and protection; and these expressed, too, in that blunt simplicity that always goes straight to the heart, pressing all the acme of wretchedness into a few strong, unstudied words—for real, accumulated grief is not fond of lengthening out its detail: where sorrow has pressed upon sorrow, it does not seek for words to express itself; it just glances at the facts, and leaves the rest unsaid.

Such things accompanied us all the road, and their impression on many was visible: the feeling was the same, though the rough, blunt soldier expressed it in the impatient desire of meeting their ruthless invaders, and teaching them to rue the day they obeyed the call of the ambitious tyrant, and followed his proud standard to suffering, desolated Portugal—or the officer vented, in the language

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of deep-toned sensibility, the pity that filled his breast.

When we halted, Charles, who had followed on horse-back in the rear, joined me under a cork tree: much such a one as that under which we had lain the first night our intimacy commenced. As he sat down, apparently fatigued in body and mind, he drew his hand across his forehead and exclaimed,

> 'Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> A boundless contiguity of shade!
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful, or successful war
> Should never reach me more!'

'What! you, Charles, turned admirer of

> "The soft and piping time of peace."'

'Oh! most dearly would I love and value peace; but you know I am in fact unacquainted with any life but a military one: it has been my lot, and I trust that lot has been of divine appointment. Yet such a life must often, must daily, pain the soul of a Christian. Oh, what spectacles have we seen to-day! Did I not feel that I assisted in delivering an oppressed and injured people, I could not stand all this. No; I would renounce my profession if it obliged me to be the aggressor. I was deeply affected to-day, Traverston, by the moving speech of a very old man; he was slowly advancing in the rear, and I fell into conversation with him: he told me that he had left his comfortable little home, where *he had lived* with his grandsons, who had

joined the army: he had been unable to carry away his effects, and so had destroyed them as well as he could. "And did you save nothing," I asked. "Yes, Senhor," he replied, "I saved these." And what do you think he held up to me?—a coarse crucifix, and a little image of the Virgin Mary!'

'His household gods,' I said, with a smile, 'poor man!'

'Oh! Traverston, you cannot conceive what I felt, when he pressed the crucifix so devoutly to his lips, and held up the image to his old eyes, with a look so full of rapturous adoration.'

'Were you glad to find that religion was the stay and comfort of a desolate outcast, in his hour of extremity, Charles?'

'Traverston, I could not desecrate religion, by calling *that* by its name! I may be wrong; for you know I am, in fact, but an untaught boy. I have not learned religion from divines; my Bible has been my only teacher, with the exception, indeed, of the brief, strong lessons of my dear father: from it I draw my religious opinions, and by it, if I may say so, I form my religious tastes. I am well accustomed to the Roman Catholic religion; I have often witnessed its ceremonies in all their pomp, and its superstitions in their extremest simplicity. But they never had the imposing effect on me they have had *on others.* Where they have seen devotion,

I have seen idolatry; where they have been enchanted, I have been disgusted; where they talked of elevation of the heart, of sublime feelings only, of ardent devotion, I had felt depressed and sad—had mourned the error, or pitied the delusion of my fellow creatures.'

'And whence this difference of feeling, Charles?'

'I cannot well explain, unless it were that they viewed these things with the mere feelings of nature, and I compared them with the revealed will and word of God. Their sensibilities were excited by the apparent humiliation of the penitent, or the devout homage of the worshipper: their romantic feelings were perhaps kindled by the ardent address of the supplicant to his patron saint—for the idea of holy guardianship, of some pure spirit watching and caring for an erring mortal, beset with dangers, and encompassed with human ills, is quite congenial to such a mind; and probably many of my companions, at such scenes, would not be sorry if they too could secure by vows and offerings, the mediation and protection of some holy being. But one who knew a Saviour's name, who shared a Saviour's love, who desired a Saviour's glory, could have no such feelings; one who wished his motto to be "Jehovah Jireh," never could turn to such inferior aid. *I knew* the Scriptures were silent; nay, if

the expression be allowed, I would say *more than silent* on the subject of saintly mediation; such an erroneous idea seems guarded against, and reprobated. Christ is upheld throughout the New Testament as the one and only Mediator; as "Him whom the Father heareth always." And then could I derive any profitable feeling (unless indeed it were gratitude to my God, who had saved me from similar delusion) from witnessing penances imposed by others—or self-inflicted—on poor creatures who were thus departing from their own peace, despising the covenant of their God, and setting aside his rich, free, gracious promises of mercy.'

'What do you mean, Charles?'

'Ask any one you see performing an act of penance, wherefore they thus harass themselves; you will be told it is to atone for sin. What saith the word of God, "with his own blood he entered into the heavens, having obtained eternal redemption for us." And again, "there remaineth therefore no more sacrifice for sin." Now, it appears to me that we make anything a sacrifice for sin, which we do as an act of atonement for it, and a means of obtaining our reconciliation with God; and while we rest on our own strivings, mortifications, and workings, the hope of our salvation being effected, are we not overlooking, or in the secret pride of our *hearts despising* the offer of eternal redemp-

tion, through the blood of Christ? Can we dare to mix up the sufferings of our poor perishing bodies (even if the suffering of the body *could* atone for the sin of the soul) with those He endured for us? Oh! no—I think not—I believe that we must have salvation of grace, and not of debt, or else, though we will not confess it, we hope in the pride of our miserable hearts to effect our salvation, as of debt *entirely*, through our own merits; for I think no person can seriously consider the subject, and hope to unite their own works with the Redeemer's merits. I know,' he continued; for whenever Charles spoke on any subject in which he thought a *friend* differed with him, he always became doubly warm and animated, and seemed desirous of speaking more at length than at other times; it was his warm feelings carried him on; his affectionate heart seldom rested content as long as he thought he did not share the sentiments of one he cordially loved and esteemed; he wished to convince, or be convinced, not in the proud, dogmatical spirit of drawing another into all his views and opinions, but in order that a oneness of sentiment and opinion might subsist between him and his friend, as much as it could do in two bodies.

'I know,' he continued, 'there are many Protestants who would differ from me in the *feelings* with which they regard the customs *of these countries*, especially as to their effect

on the population, generally speaking. I do not speak of opinions, because I believe that the religious opinions of merely nominal Protestants, when examined, generally differ very little from those of the Roman Catholic, as they regard the way of salvation. Justification through works is generally the foundation on which both rest; but among the former, the doctrine has produced no results at all; among the latter, it has reared the vast superstructure of error, superstition, and power, which prevails in their church.

'I would, however, expect that the *feelings* of even a nominal Protestant, and especially of an Englishman, would shrink from the practices and observances which many of our officers seem to admire, or at least regard with complacency. When Popery stalks before them in all its gigantic enormity; when they see it matured in the Inquisition, or hear of it in the *auto da fe;* when they observe its influence in depressing the genius, and enslaving the minds of men; when, in short, they see it in Spain, dwelling in its dark, uncontrollable sway, they call it a vile, debasing superstition, and wish a race of men, who want not courage, genius, capability to rise and be free and enlightened, would burst its slavish yoke, annihilate its usurping powers, and be superior to its influence. When they see its spirit developed in the persons of its *pontiffs*—a Gregory stripping an emperor of

Germany of his crown, and with more insolence than Napoleon has shown to his successor, keeping him, while waiting his pleasure to admit him to his presence, clothed in sackcloth with uncovered head and bare feet, while the snow lay on the ground, and his Holiness was enjoying the comforts and festivities of a palace; or another of these arrogant men, presenting an English monarch with his crown to wear, as his gift, and during his pleasure; then their indignation, as men, is excited; they wonder the world did not rise and teach these kings of kings, that claim what power they might in heaven, on earth such sway was not to be given to the successors of the humble Galilean fisherman. But when they see only its mild, soft features, gently shown in the pious reverence of a simple peasant, for his little shrines, his cross, his images, the comfort that dependence on the protection of his saints affords him, the high-wrought feelings that belief in invisible agency excites, or the lowly reverence, that piety prompts the untaught man to pay before some sacred shrine, some holy image; when they see in a chapel, as is common, some prostrate form—it may be that of youth and loveliness, or that of decrepitude and age—devoutly breathing out the language of adoration, or offering the humble prayer of the suppliant *before the* representation of their patron saint; *then they* forget that they still look at the same

thing: they call this religion, devotion, piety, though language failed them to express their detestation of the other. Yet who that has ever known anything of the history of Popery, but knows it was by the influence of what these persons would call holy superstitions, that it obtained that influence over the minds of men, by which it rose to the assumption of its temporal power. Now, my friend,' he added, putting his hand on my arm, and looking entreatingly in my face, 'pardon me for this long, tiresome speech, and tell me, do you think still that I was wrong, in regarding the adoration which that poor man paid to a couple of paltry little images, with feelings of pity, mixed with a sort of abhorrence, which a person who had never considered these things, would say, was uncharitable, unfeeling bigotry?'

'No, Charles; I never thought so, I only appeared to differ with you in order to draw out your opinions more fully: for I know that is always the way to succeed effectually when I wish to do so.'

'What an artful fellow you are! so I have been holding forth all this time to no purpose.'

'Nay; I think you have given me some fresh ideas on the subject; but in truth, no one can be less a friend to the Roman Catholic religion than myself: I know too much of its spirit, (and here again retrospection *caused a sigh,*) to conciliate well with it.'

'How so? your acquaintance must have been made through books; you have not, until lately, been in Catholic countries?'

'Not in foreign ones; but my own poor native isle is a sad example of its effects: there Popery, struggling, subdued, and crest-fallen, still maintains its sway, and exerts its efforts more, perhaps, than it does in countries where it is universally acknowledged. Like the concentrated army, it appears stronger and less penetrable when it is restricted to a narrow compass, and sullenly eyes the opposing force. Ireland, unhappy Ireland——' A stir a little behind us made me stop; we had been chatting at our ease, not supposing our friendly tree had another tenant, but now we perceived a young officer of our company, who was reclining at its other side: the last words I uttered had made him start a little up, his face was turned toward us, and his dark eye was fired with the same passions that had reddened his cheek. I knew he was a Roman Catholic; a high-spirited, but agreeable young man; and I felt sorry that he had overheard a conversation which must, I thought, have irritated his feelings, even if he possessed scarcely more of religion than the name. But Charles turned round, with a look and manner that, to a man of frankness and placability must have been irresistible.

'Devereux!' he exclaimed, 'we did not *know you* were among us, and here Travers-

ston and I have been freely expressing our sentiments to one another with less care than we should have done, if we supposed the feelings of a third person might be hurt by anything we said.'

'I had no intention of listening to your sentiments, Mr. Fitzmorris,' said Deveraux, coldly. 'I placed myself here accidentally, and believing that your conversation was indifferent, I did not think it necessary to remove, till——'

'Oh, do not attempt an explanation, pray,' Charles replied, laughing; 'for if you did not dislike hearing our conversation, I am sure we had no objection that you should not only hear, but join in it.'

'I think if apologies are necessary, they should come from our quarter,' I said, though without Charles's freedom of manner; 'but Mr. Devereux will remember that if we had been aware of his being present, our thoughts would not have been so freely expressed.'

'Every man is at liberty to think as he pleases on these subjects, and to speak so too,' said Devereux, haughtily, and rising slowly as he spoke.

'Yes, my dear Sir,' the warm-hearted Charles exclaimed, 'liberty of conscience is the glorious birthright of every human being.'

'And who wishes to take it from them?' said Devereux.

'The Roman Catholic priesthood,' Charles answered, in an unmoved voice.

'Sir!' cried Devereux, starting on his feet, and turning full round to poor Charles, with a look of angry defiance. I was about to interpose; for the fiery eye and flushed cheek of the young man, declared he would not hear his religion insulted with calmness. But Charles cut me short in my mediatorial speech.

'Come now, Devereux,' he said, carelessly, putting me aside, and looking up to him with his laughing eyes, 'I have not the least idea of entering on a holy war with you, nor of deciding with our swords, the purity of our respective faiths: say as much as you please against Protestantism, and, staunch Protestant as I am, I will listen patiently. But you Catholics, certainly set us an example of religious zeal; for a word spoken against your church, sets you all on fire; while we stand by and hear our religion pulled to pieces with the greatest *sang froid.* Now do join us here,' laying his hand on the ground at his side, 'and let us speak as dispassionately as if you were a Jew and I a Mahometan, discussing the merits of two religions in which neither of us had any interest.'

'Excuse me; I am no divine,' said Devereux, drawing back.

'Why it was not as a divine surely, that I asked you to speak. But indeed I firmly *expected to* be called on for an explanation

of my bold assertion, and for once I find an Irishman backward in calling another to account.'

Devereux could hardly forbear a smile; but, unwilling to be cheated into good-humour, he left us, and moved to another place. Charles had completely thrown a screen over me, and I supposed he either thought him a rattle-pated boy beneath his notice, or did not care to embroil himself with the son of his colonel. Devereux had only exchanged into our regiment just as we were on the point of embarking; our acquaintance since, had been as slight as it well could be: I thought now that he seemed a fiery-tempered, unamiable young man, and determined it should not increase; but when I recollected our long irritating conversation, I began to think my opinion unjust; the indignation he had showed, seemed only natural and right, and I only felt surprised at his keeping his ground so long.

This occurrence effectually broke off our conversation; but I knew Charles would not fail to renew it at another time.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE we were again put into marching order, I encountered Courtenay, he was looking pale and care-worn: I was distressed at his appearance, and after a few minutes' indifferent conversation, for a strange reserve hung over his manner, I inquired was he ill.

'A slight headache only,' he said, putting his hand on his temples, but he sighed heavily as he spoke.

'Courtenay,' I suddenly said, 'I have no doubt but you will meet your wife at Lisbon.'

'Why do you say so?' he asked, turning quite round to me.

'Because everything favours the idea that she is there. It would be easy for her when she thought herself no longer secure where she was, to accompany some of the numerous trains that were daily passing and re-passing; you told me she was intimate with a family at Lisbon, where you wished her to go before you left her: her very desire of meeting with you, would lead her there, when the invasion was rumoured; and she knew that we would of course endeavour to prevent its extension to the capital; everything, therefore, seems

to render it almost certain that she is there now, safely waiting your arrival; and I would advise you to take care not to let her see such a haggard and wo-begone countenance as you have been showing us these some days back.'

He faintly smiled, and after a moment's silence, said, thoughtfully, 'I think you are right—my uncle is decidedly of your opinion; and indeed I am almost certain myself, that —if Louisa lives—she is at Lisbon.'

'Lives!—how can you let such ideas into your mind, Courtenay?'

'Ah! Traverston, you little know all the ideas, that in such a situation as mine, *will* come into the mind!'

I echoed back his sigh, for a painful idea was awakened in my own mind. He looked at me steadily, and then seeming to recollect something that he had known before, or to discover something he had not known, he said with a lighter countenance, as if his anxiety had thrown off half its weight by the remembrance, 'Well! none of us are without our trials.'

'None, Courtenay! happy is he who early makes up his mind to bear them, and bears them unrepiningly!'

'Oh! Traverston, would you wish to be so stoical? I thought you had too much sensibility and fineness of feeling, and all that ro*mantic sort of thing*, for such cold philosophy

as that; enough for one like me—*un diaman brun* at best, to express such a sentiment.'

'Courtenay, you remind me of children that I have seen cover up their laughing faces, and cry out that they were hid or gone away.'

'What do you mean?'

'Why there is not a man possesses deeper and keener feelings than yourself and yet because you throw a flimsy screen over them, and tell us that you are what you are not, you expect us to believe you.'

'Well, if you class me with the bo-peep-playing children, I cannot help it,' he said smiling; 'but tell me, do you think he would promise to be an amiable or pleasing man, who could in his youth—that hey-day season of life—view in perspective all its evils, and coldly study to fortify his breast against feeling them?'

'Decidedly not: it was another idea was in my mind when I spoke. The man is so miserable who possesses no antidote to human ills, I thought of the only unfailing, universal one, religion. Look at young Fitzmorris, he is not, I am sure, invested in a panoply of cold philosophy or stoical resolution, yet I am convinced, feeling and sensitive as he is, he could bear what neither the one nor the other would ever enable him to bear, through the

strong support that religion would afford him.

'Oh yes!' said Courtenay, with a slight yawn that I thought was affected—'religion is the shield and buckler of the soul in the day of adversity—as holy superstition,' he added, 'is of the poor Portuguese and Spaniards.' And then the bugles sounding their preparatory notes we separated. .

Still as we went, sights and sounds of human wretchedness, that should have made many a heart in our ranks feel its own burden light, met us at every step. As we approached the capital, the crowds of destitute refugees increased. It was a piteous spectacle! —mothers carrying their infant children, and children leading their old parents, the young female figure bending under a burden, and tottering with fatigue, and the feeble steps of age hurrying with what speed they could in search of a resting place that would soon be exchanged for that of the grave. Courtenay was liberal of his money as he passed, but I always observed that when he heard the tale of some poor woman with an infant in her arms, and whose husband was with the Portuguese army, his donations were still more liberal. I thought, though, poor fellow, perhaps I wronged him, that he was charitable to her in the hope of earning for his own wife the compassion of strangers—yet he might

have given without, even in this way, hoping to receive again.

Soon after our encampment within the British lines, Courtenay and I contrived to get to Lisbon. We hurried to the house where Louisa's friends lived: but his deep anxiety deprived him almost of the power of speech. I sent in his name, and we waited in an outer parlour. Not many moments passed till we heard a cry of joy that made Courtenay still paler; he stood rooted to the spot, though a light step was heard quickly coming through the passage, and he did not move till Louisa sprang to his arms. After the first emotion of joy was over, she presented a lovely baby, that lay quietly cradled on her arm, to her overjoyed husband. I then first recollected the additional source of anxiety poor Courtenay had had, and after hearing Louisa's progress here explained, which was effected through the safe escort that had offered itself in a detachment of the Portuguese army that was proceeding to Lisbon, in the rear of which she travelled, I only staid to congratulate them both, and remind Courtenay of the folly of his needless anxiety; to which, I told Louisa, (and poor thing, she looked both happy and sad at hearing it) she must ascribe his altered looks, rather than to the fatigues of war; and then I left them, sincerely rejoiced at the re-union of two affectionate hearts,

and after walking a little through the town, returned to the lines.

From what small occurrences do events that are neither expected, nor thought of, sometimes arise; and how very different does the result of both small and great events often prove from that we had anticipated or feared. How little idea had I that the conversation which was so near producing unpleasant consequences between Devereux, and Charles, and I, should be the means of forming an intimacy among us that might never have subsisted without this somewhat singular introduction.

The day after I had been to Lisbon with my friend Courtenay, I observed Charles Fitzmorris walking up and down with Devereaux, apparently in earnest conversation; he was speaking with more than usual energy, and the action that accompanied his words always gave me information of the subject being one that interested him. Devereux was alternately walking by his side, with his head declined and an air of deep attention, and stopping short in his walk, facing his antagonist, as I concluded he was, and eyeing him both with surprise and indignation. I loitered about the ground with some brother officers, amusing myself now and then by watching their movements, till Devereux at last went off; and then Charles came up, and putting his arm into mine, gradually drew me *away from my* companions.

'Now, what do you think Devereux and I have been talking about?'

'Not renewing your holy war, I hope?' I said jestingly.

'Why, yes; and yet poor fellow, he had so little defence to make, that——'

'That you thought the combat too unequal: very modest of you!'

'Nay, do not impeach my modesty so quickly: but poor Devereux, though very zealous for the honour of his religion, has, in fact, no knowledge of it or of any other; yet if a word is said in seeming disrespect, it rouses him like a lion from his lair.'

'He is a true Irishman, my friend; that is all.'

'Is it not surprising how much more alive your countrymen are to any seeming reflection on their religion than those of other Catholic countries?'

'Because in other countries the suspicion of such a reflection does not exist. In Ireland the Roman Catholics are accustomed to hear objections brought against their religion — to know it is politically looked down on — and they cherish all that mortified pride that makes them appear, when you meet, perhaps, an isolated Roman Catholic among a number of Protestants, on the watch to observe a sarcasm, and generally to avenge the cause of a religion, of which, perhaps, they happen *to know* little or nothing; and a church,

which they of the better and more enlightened class probably continue in, because they mistake a foolish sort of pride in remaining in a subdued, unimportant church for attachment to it.'

'Such, I should think, is exactly the case with Devereux,' said Charles. 'He is very warm, indeed, on the subject; but I do not notice all his indignation and petulence; I see he is of a fiery sort of temper, but I speak on what I know to be the truth, let him like it or dislike it: and I believe he is beginning to think me such an extraordinary sort of genius, that there is no use of being angry with me.'

'How did you come to get upon the subject again?'

'He was sauntering about after parade, and pacing back and forwards by the spot where I was standing with Grey and Robertson, settling how long Massena would maintain himself in the country: when they left me, he still continued his solitary promenade, looking every time we passed, as if he wished to join me; but not attempting to do so, I went up to him at last, and after a few turns he asked me—how, I do not rightly know, but it was awkwardly enough, as if some inward consciousness made him hesitate—to explain what I had asserted the other day, you remember, of the Roman Catholic priesthood denying liberty of conscience.'

'*I know*—well?'

'Oh! it was easily proved: the truth of history is borne out by every day's experience.'

'How so?'

'Was liberty of conscience, pray, allowed to those, with whose blood Babylon has been drunk? to the

'Slaughtered saints of old,'

the persecuted Albigenses and Waldenses, and to all their numerous, though scattered successors in truth and sufferings, who were the witnesses in the ages of darkness of the truth of our Lord's declaration, that the gates of hell should not prevail against his church; that, though, like the out-cast Jews, these poor people were scattered and peeled, despised and trodden under foot; He had 'one of a nation, and two of a people,' here and there hidden in obscurity, or suffering in martyrdom, a 'seed preserved to praise Him;' a 'church in the wilderness.' These were the precursors of the glorious Reformation, which, when its 'set time was come,' not the extinction of such lights as John Huss, Jerome of Prague, our own Wickliffe, and others, which had been extinguished in their own blood, could retard. Time would indeed fail us, were we even to glance over the bloody page of Papal history, and read the names and the facts that stand there as sad mementos to the Romanist, who is inclined to consult his own judgment, and think for *himself* on his everlasting interests, what sort

of liberty of conscience his priests and pontiffs have allowed : nor is it so long ago that eleven heretics, piously devoted in an *auto da fe*, in Madrid, bore witness to the same.'

'But did Devereux assent to all this ?'

'Oh ! no indeed ! As to old accounts, they could not be depended on : the testimony of history, always accepted in any case but this, was here quite nugatory : the promulgators of the reformation doctrines were only justly punished ; and those who escaped punishment merited it still more ;—they were bad men, violent, implacable :—I know not all what,—men who made a noise about religion, in order to conceal their own vices, and effect their own purposes : and not a word could he substantiate, except that Calvin consented to the death of the heretic Servetus, and that Luther married a nun ! ! The latter horrible transaction I jestingly told him I dare not defend ; but surely, without enlisting myself as the champion of poor Calvin, I might say, that the Roman church should not be displeased with the only relic that she can now trace out in the Reformer's character, of his having been reared in her own bosom : and even allowing that he had put that blasphemous heretic to death, he only carried her own merciful intentions into effect ; for Servetus had been sentenced before to be burned to death by the Roman *Catholics.* Well, Devereux sometimes dis-

puted, and sometimes peremptorily denied, and affirmed, and looked angry, and talked big, and flung his sword about as bravely as if it had been a shillelagh — pardon me, Traverston — but I believe he would almost as soon face a score of French bayonets as attempt again to combat the host of witnesses that rise up to prove the sort of liberty of conscience his church allows of.'

'But did you bring your witnesses *entirely* from past ages?'

'Why, what a melancholy voice is that, Traverston!'

I felt the blood rush to my face and retire again so suddenly, that I knew an attempt at indifference was useless. Charles perceived it, and with his usual delicacy, immediately averted his eyes; but fearing that his exclamation had given me pain, he said in his own peculiar voice of deep-toned feeling, 'Forgive me, my dear friend, I did not mean to be impertinent;' and then, to spare me a reply, he hastily went on—

'No, I did not bring all my witnesses from past ages; for I gave him an instance in modern times that you will think ludicrous. I produced the defendant in the cause as witness against himself.'

'What rattling is this, Charles?'

'I assure you I am quite serious, and the evidence of this witness was the only convinc*ing and* undeniable one, that poor Devereux

himself was obliged to admit. We had been so long talking of generals that I thought it was quite time to come to particulars; and so I bluntly asked him a question that was, perhaps, never put to him before: I asked him how he hoped to be saved. Poor fellow! if our general were to ask him, when the enemy was coming up, how he should regulate the order of battle, I do believe he would not be more perplexed! He muttered something of doing the best he could, and leaving the rest to the clergy. 'Do you ever read the Bible?' I inquired. No, he had no concern with such a book—it was too deep, too full of mysteries to be read by persons who had not professedly made sacred things their study—when he wanted spiritual direction he could apply to his clergy.

'I listened as patiently as I could, though I began to get very fidgetty, and was once or twice very near bursting out into what he would have called enthusiastic ranting. When he had done, I said, 'But suppose, Devereux, that you were to read the Bible; that believing it was the revelation of God to men, a revelation without which the world would never have known God; believing that it was given to men without limitation—that it was as freely offered to every man as the mercy of its Author, and that its design was to point out the way to heaven for all mankind—and *that from it, or* in any other way, you were to

discover that there was another road to heaven than that your priests had pointed out to you, and that you became convinced on close examination — and we will say, prayer for divine assistance, that it was the right one, and told your priests that you were resolved to obey your own judgment and the dictates of your own conscience, what would be the consequence?'

'Why, I suppose, if I refused to obey the church I should be put out of it.'

'Do you mean, that if you persevered in maintaining religious opinions that were not in accordance with those the Roman church laid down, you should be excommunicated?'

'Certainly.'

'And is this your liberty of conscience?'

'I believe he was sorry he had said so much, for he soon after went away: but we parted very good friends, and he has promised to be more with us than he has been hitherto. He is a fine fellow — he seems so anxious — so zealous for the honour of the holy Catholic church!'

'Oh, to what criminal, to what frightful lengths may an imaginary, or a worked-up zeal for the honour of their church, hurry a Roman Catholic!' I said, as a corporal came up to call Charles to his father; and I continued my promenade alone, and dwelt, painfully dwelt, on restrospections that our last *words* occasioned.

While waiting till the enemy was starved out of Portugal, our time passed not unpleasantly. Though many surrounded me, my intimate friends were but few: it was the same with Fitzmorris and his son; for though we may have many acquaintances, the heart will still single out for itself those with whom it can enjoy the luxury of corresponding feeling, taste, and disposition; and thus it is whenever men herd together, as in the army and navy, there are always particular friendships formed out of general acquaintances. Courtenay was included in our little *coterie*, but his circle was larger, he was a much more *general* favourite than any of us, and the willingness with which he joined in many things that we avoided or disliked, prevented his being left to himself so much as we were. Latterly, indeed, we began to think our little circle had gained an acquisition in Devereux, who often joined us, and appeared becoming really attached to his ardent, but anti-Catholic young comrade.

CHAPTER IX.

One evening we sauntered down by the Tagus, enjoying the interesting and varied scenery, and chatting over the state of the country, and the careless levity that prevailed in the capital, while so much external misery abounded, and such want was felt. Our progress was arrested by the soft sweet sounds of music, stealing over the evening breeze in delightful harmony.

'Listen!' Devereux exclaimed, laying his hand on my arm, 'it is the vesper hymn.' It was softly issuing from a neighbouring convent: we remained silent and stationary till it died away. Charles, who was passionately fond of music, especially vocal, seemed to hang upon the sounds; and when they ceased, still maintained his listening attitude.

'Will you not admit that the spirit of pure and holy piety breathed there?' said Devereux as we walked on.

'I should be sorry to deny that piety can dwell in convents, as well as in cities; and be heard in a Portuguese hymn as well as in an *English* one,' said Charles; 'but I think the

piety that prompts any one to seclude themselves from society, is at best mistaken, and that the good which religious houses have done, is far more than counterbalanced by the evil.'

'I believe that has been admitted,' said I, 'by Roman Catholics themselves, who have groaned under the enormous abuses of ecclesiastical power and exactions.'

'Then they would of course feel indebted to Napoleon,' said Devereux, smiling; 'but for my part, although I cannot say I have any desire to enter a convent myself, I cannot but venerate the piety that leads others there.'

'Now, Devereux, will you tell me which would you honour the Spanish patriots more, if they were to retire into forts, leaving their foes in possession of their country to treat their poor countrymen as they pleased; or if they faced them in the field, contested it with them, and won the day?'

'For the latter to be sure; but how you mean to turn against me, I do not know.'

'Against monks and nuns only, Devereux: for what are the reasons they allege for retiring to convents?—are they not in general, a wish to avoid temptations, to shut out the world and its vanities, and devote themselves to God without distraction—without encountering anything to draw away their minds from holy things? Now I say that the Christian *who aims* at living to God in public as

well as in private—who combats and resists, and overcomes temptations—avoids the vanities of the world without flying from it—promotes the glory of God by his example, and the knowledge of God by his exertions—benefits his fellow-creatures by his activity, and daily looks to his God for supplies of grace and strength to enable him, while surrounded by 'that evil trinity,' as some one calls 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life,' to 'fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life,' is a thousand times more deserving of our admiration than he who flies from the combat, and leads a life of indolent repose, when his active exertion might benefit both himself and others. But as you say you have no desire yourself to enter a convent, and as I am sure you will not think of endowing one, perhaps I might as well spare you and Traverston this protest against their utility; however, as we have got on our old disputations again, will you tell me the meaning of a ceremony I witnessed this morning. A troop of Portuguese cavalry—soldierly looking men—in a moment sprang from their horses, all hurry and confusion, uncovered their heads and dropped upon their knees; I looked round and saw——'

'The procession of the Host I suppose, well?'

'*What is* all this for?'

'You surely must know as well as I do, Fitzmorris; you have often been obliged to salute it yourself—even the British troops present arms when it passes.'

'I know it,' said Charles, in a voice that showed the knowledge was not an agreeable one. 'But I ask you as a Roman Catholic, why is this done?'

'It is a custom—a, a reverence that is paid—'

'Paid to what?—to a consecrated wafer! a little morsel of bread that a priest has blessed—do you pay *that* homage as if it were your God?'

'Fitzmorris,' cried Devereux sternly, 'such language is wrong, is blasphemous—from an infidel it might be borne—but from you, *you* who profess such strictness in your own religion—I will not, I cannot bear it!'

'Pardon me, Devereux, I did not *wish* to insult or irritate your feelings; if I have done so, I was to blame; but when you know Charles Fitzmorris better, you will know that when he believes himself wrong he does not delay to acknowledge it. I know I could not bear myself to hear the sacramental elements which we regard as only figurative, lightly spoken of.'

'Then why speak as you did?' said Devereux petulantly.

'Fitzmorris has acknowledged himself not

quite right in doing so' — I interrupted with some warmth, — 'is not that sufficient?'

'It is — it is!' — Devereux exclaimed, looking vexed both with himself and us. 'I am too warm, I know — I cannot argue like a schoolman, or a divine, but I can feel as a *man*.'

'Well, shall we dismiss the subject, or shall we speak of it quietly, rationally, as friends, as *Christians* should do?'

'I will maintain neutral ground,' said I, 'determine the matter with Devereux.'

'Do you wish not to do so, Devereux?'

'Oh no! you may say what you please. I always expect to be entangled in religious disputes when I am in company with you two alone; and I freely acknowledge they are not a little out of my province. I never heard so much of religion in my whole life as I have done since the day I overheard you and Traverston pulling my poor Church to pieces under that unlucky tree.'

'Unlucky tree! — there is a pretty compliment to you and I, Traverston,' said Charles; and then whispered me, 'He has always been the one to enter on the religious disputes himself.'

We walked on some way conversing on different topics, and then Devereux, as Charles seemed to expect, introduced the discarded *one* himself by saying, after having been a *short time* silent,

'The Reformers, as they are styled, while pretending to introduce more Scriptural doctrines than the Church held, attacked one, at least, that rested on Scripture ground. 'This is my body,' said our Lord, when he gave his disciples the bread.'

'And can you, in the sober exercise of your senses, believe that — while his body stood there unchanged before their eyes, and his hand presented them with the bread — *that* bread had become transformed into his body? — can one substance become virtually another substance, yet both retain their own distinct and primitive qualities and powers?'

'You must then deny the truth of Scripture,' returned Devereux — 'it says expressly '*This is* my body.''

'I am rejoiced you are come to Scripture argument,' Charles exclaimed; Devereux coloured, and looked like a person who was conscious that they had been repeating at second hand an isolated scrap of a work that was spoken of, and could get no further. Charles was now on his accustomed battle-ground; he drew his pocket Testament from his breast, and with a kindling eye and cheek turned over its pages.

'Is it not so?' Devereux asked, evidently in some apprehension.

'It is.'

'I knew it!' he exclaimed exultingly.

'*So did I,*' replied Charles.

'And what can you say against it?'

The other returned in the same tone of triumph,

'Nothing — and what can *you* say against the affirmation that follows — 'which *is* given for you.' Now suppose I affirm on Scripture ground, that the body of our Lord was then actually offered up on the cross, though it is said in the account of this transaction, that it was the night he was betrayed he took the bread — what would you say to me?'

'That you made Scripture to contradict itself.'

'Well then, if you say we must understand our Lord to signify — 'which *will be* given for you' — may we not as well understand him to say, which is *symbolical* of my body? and what follows fully confirms this meaning, 'do this in remembrance of me.' Now we see each other every day, we do not want any thing to remind us of one another; if I were to prescribe to you or Traverston some small observance, and bid you do that in remembrance of me, would you not say to me, when I leave the regiment I will do it, or when you are absent; but really when you are present with me it would be absurd to think of observing a practice in remembrance of you? And if our Lord was really to be present with his people when they commemorated his love and sufferings, would he have made use of *the expression*, 'Do it in remembrance?'

'Still it has been the old doctrine of Christianity; the Apostles would not, I suppose, have preached one that they knew to be false.'

'My dear Devereux!' Charles exclaimed, and cast such a hopeless look at me. I wondered at his patience, in combating at once ignorance and prejudice, but I wondered because I forgot that he was a Christian.

'Do you believe,' he continued, 'that the doctrine of the real presence was taught by the Apostles?'

'I suppose so of course.'

'Oh! Devereux, if you value your immortal soul, do, do read the word of God! Let me conjure you as a sincere friend, a disinterested one, to do so. Will you take this little Testament, and read it patiently through, and then tell me something of the doctrines the Apostles preached—not from supposition, not on the word of another, but from your own inquiry, your own knowledge?'

Devereux to my surprise, took the book from his hand, and put it hastily into his breast, without saying a word, but I thought with a look of secret satisfaction.

'It was not until the year eight hundred and seventy something,' said Charles, musingly—'seventy-nine, I think, that the idea of the real presence in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was started by a monk, and *combated by* many others whose understand-

ings were a little offended at being asked to believe, that what appeared to their senses to be but bread and wine, in form, and taste, and properties, was in fact a totally different substance; the one being the flesh the other the blood of the Redeemer, which were, by the wonder-working priest thus converted, and distributed all over the Christian world, wherever and whenever he chose to pronounce the benediction that transformed them.'

'Well, I suppose we may dismiss the subject now,' said Devereux, impatiently; 'I cannot see what manner of effect it can have either on our lives here, or our happiness hereafter, whether we agree or differ upon it.'

'Perhaps if you were more acquainted with Scripture truth, you would think differently, Devereux. In the ninth chapter, I think, of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews — lend me that Testament for a moment — you will find Christ spoken of as our High Priest, offering unto God the sacrifice of himself for our sins; and there and in the following chapter, the apostle shows the superiority of that sacrifice which needed only *once* to be offered, to the Jewish sacrifices that were offered every year. Yes, here it is, at the conclusion of the chapter; I will mark it for you, though I must read it now: 'Not that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others, for *then must* he often have suffered since the

foundation of the world ; but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself ; and as it is appointed unto men *once* to die, but after this the judgment ; so Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many, and unto those that look for him, shall he appear the *second time* without sin unto salvation.'

Charles closed the little volume, and returning it to Devereux, said,

'In the sacrifice of the mass, the priest does what the apostle believed quite unnecessary for Christ himself to do : he renews every day, the sacrifice which our Lord *once* made of himself. Oh ! little did his faithful apostle, (unless the falling away was fully revealed to him) imagine, when he looked forward to his appearing the second time, that men would ever delude themselves with the idea that they beheld his glorified body *substantially* present in the broken bread.'

CHAPTER X.

THUS time wore away, and the moment Wellington had anticipated and waited for, drew near: Massena without food, clothing, or pay, for his troops, was obliged to prepare for the evacuation of Portugal. On the memorable fifth of March he broke up, and we prepared to follow him. It was a period ardently looked for by our army; but I knew it was one as much dreaded by, at least, one fond heart. Poor Louisa — never will I forget your last fond words — 'Oh, take care of my husband!' Poor creature! what could *I* do for you? yet your words often lay like a dead weight upon my heart, and gladly, cheerfully would I have taken care of your husband, if I could have done so by giving my valueless life for his! When Courtenay was preparing to leave her again, Louisa took her darling infant in her arms, and suddenly laying it in his, said, 'Alexander, if you can forget, in times of danger, *that you* are a husband, still remember you *are a father.*'

Courtenay turned pale. I thought Louisa did not evince that self-renunciation which would have made the mother of Charles Fitzmorris spare her husband such a pang: he gazed upon his child, stooped his head upon its little face, and left a slight dampness on its rosy cheek. Unconscious little thing! it opened merrily its pretty blue eyes, and laughed, and danced in its father's arms.

The retreat of the French army was rapid, and, as is well known to all those who followed its progress, marked by traces the most appalling — arms, ammunition, and baggage, scattered over the road — pieces of cannon, broken baggage-waggons, plundered valises, corpses of men and horses, were among the least so; for sacked villages and roofless houses, murdered peasants, plundered palaces, cottages, churches, and towns — all bore witness to its devastations; misery, conflagration, and ruin, accompanied the train. In the strong expressions of holy writ, 'The land before them was a garden of the Lord, and behind them as a desolate wilderness.'

The French army was pursued without intermission, mountains and rivers presented no obstacles: but let me pass over all this — it was other retrospections I intended.

Though in England the weather, at that early season, would be cold, and generally dreary, in Spain it was unusually delightful; *and the rural* and sunny prospects, where they

were not blighted by the onward rolling of the tide of war, often made me wish to linger peaceably in such tranquil scenes. But now I had done with quiet—every day we were in motion, every day on the look out for the enemy. Poor Devereux obtained a respite; for when we halted, Charles was generally engaged by his father. Courtenay was my chief companion at this time, we were daily becoming more attached; though I felt not for him the same *kind* of warm affection I did for my ardent, happy, heavenly-minded young comrade; I entertained for him those sentiments of sincere regard and esteem, that were founded on a knowledge of his general worth, and engaging natural qualities. With Courtenay, I could enjoy a pleasure, too, that I could not with his young cousin; though this, pleasurable as it was, was still mixed, largely mixed with pain. I could with him talk over past times, and recall the memory of days gone by.

One day, while conversing thus on times that seemed old to us, because our varied lives since they had passed, gave us so much to look over, in an interim that was really short, he asked did I recollect an evening we had spent together in Louisa's house, before she had become his wife. 'I think it was the only ball we were at there,' he said, 'I remember it well.' I knew that he recol*lected it,* because that was the evening he first

discovered that he allowed himself to feel a more than common interest for a woman whose circumstances were so far above his own; but though to him the recollection of his feelings on that night, might be pleasurable, to me it was far otherwise; this was one of those retrospections that always gave me that poignant pang which clouded my brow, and forced a sigh, or rather a groan from my heart. 'I remember you left the room very suddenly that night,' said Courtenay, as if resolved to prove my very heart; 'you were called away, I believe, to see some friend who was ill?'

'Yes,' I replied, in a manner calculated to preclude all further questioning; and as I uttered the uncourteous word, the fine-toned brazen trumpets announcing a movement of the cavalry, we hurried to the bivouac, where we remained to see what was going forward. The men were getting under arms, a division of the enemy's forces had appeared at a little distance, and their cavalry was forming just below us: our's was immediately ordered forward, and we were thrown into line, though it was not expected we would be engaged.

'What a fine sight is that!' Courtenay said, with a kindling eye, as the cavalry moved past us at a rapid pace; their martial accoutrements, glittering sabres, and prancing *horses, looking* to advantage under a spark-

ling sun. A fine young man in a handsome hussar uniform rode by as he spoke, and I believe heard him; for he cast down his eye upon us as he passed, with a glance that said he felt the superiority of a cavalry officer: he sat upon his horse with such graceful ease, and glanced about him with so much self-complacency, that one might have supposed he was displaying his graceful person in Hyde Park, rather than advancing to the charge; so much careless indifference, and so much personal vanity and light-mindedness appeared about him.

The enemy's horse was defeated and driven a considerable way; we were then put into motion, but the French retired. Signs of the recent engagement met us all along the road; men and horses lying wounded and dying; small parties of fine looking prisoners who were conducting to the line; dead bodies, useless sabres, and brazen trumpets, lay scattered here and there. But amidst all this, *one* sight stopped me short for a moment — it was a light, fine formed figure, cold and stiff — the pale motionless features contracted with the last spasm that had stiffened them in death, — it was that of the young hussar whom I had noticed not long before. His cap was off, his soft curling brown hair was mixed with dust and blood — his broken sabre lay beside him, and he, stretched on his *back, with* a deep gash across his breast, lay

on no memorable field of battle, neglected and alone. The piety of some Spanish peasant had clasped his hands as in the attitude of prayer, after their own manner of laying out the dead, and this still more increased the humble appearance of the miserable looking corpse. 'Oh! what is man?' I thought, as I looked upon it — 'when his breath goeth forth he dieth and returneth to his dust, in that very hour his thoughts perish!'

I asked Courtenay had he observed this. 'Yes — poor fellow!' was his reply. 'Well Traverston, perhaps beneath that giddy exterior was concealed a good heart and a nobler soul than we expected.'

'How willing we always are to make ourselves think favorably of the dead, if we can,' said I.

'To be sure: we would wish others to do so towards us. Now, Traverston, I know you and my uncle Fitzmorris, and that good little Charles, do not think me half so good as I ought to be; but if I were laid low, perhaps you would wish to think better of me.'

'I am sure you know so well all our sentiments towards you, Courtenay, that I need not explain them to you.'

'I do. You all regard me as a good moral man — an amiable, good-sort of person, if you will; but not as a Christian.'

I could not forbear a smile.

'What meaning do you attach to that term Courtenay? every man in Napoleon's army, and in our's will tell you he is a Christian.'

'The meaning that all you pious people attach to it — the meaning that my uncle, and Charles, and yourself would attach — not that which the world in general attaches.'

'And do you think that meaning is correct? or do you denounce it as uncharitable?'

'Oh! I do not know, I am sure; you know I have never thought about these things very deeply — *yet* ——'

'But, my friend, is it not necessary to think on them? I am glad to hear that lingered-out word, *yet;* it gives hope that you feel there is a necessity, and intend to do so. But recollect the old saying, 'The road to hell is paved with good resolutions!' — recollect the uncertainty of a soldier's life; you would not wish to die before you knew whether you where a Christian or not?'

'Charles has completed his conquest over you, Traverston; you do not attempt to deny that now, as you used to do. But come, let us talk no more of death — we are familiar enough with it, to be sure, to be hardened against it; yet still there are recollectious for some men, that will never allow them to familiarize their minds to the thought of its approaching themselves.' Courtenay sighed,

and after a little, said with a smile, 'Traverston, if you marry, you will grow a coward.'

I did not return his smile, but I said, 'Then, Courtenay, I will *never* be a coward.'

'You are a mysterious fellow,' he replied; 'but if the tale I heard was true, from my soul I pity you!'

'What tale?'

'About ——' he mentioned a name that made the blood leave my face; but as I turned to go away, I was enabled to say with that calmness of feeling, which, thanks to the society of my young comrade, or rather to the mercy of the God he served, I was daily acquiring — 'Courtenay, we dare not dispute, and we must not murmur at the decrees of an over-ruling Providence: I am convinced it was — it is — it will be for my good.'

When I had walked to some little distance I looked back, and saw him still standing on the spot I left him, in a musing attitude, leaning on his sword. A subsequent remark of his made me suppose that he had been then engaged in a mental discussion on the nature of a Christian's faith.

The seige of Badajos — a name that will long be remembered by the widow and the orphan; for in its trenches fell many a brave soldier, and many a gallant officer — was over; its ramparts were down, and the breaches in its walls were left to tell their *silent tale.* I have nothing to do now with

battles and sieges: still less have my peaceful readers; yet in a soldier's retrospections these things will sometimes mingle. Oh! it was a fearfully awful sight when the stilly hour of night was broken in on by all the horrid sounds that breathe the fierceness of assault, and speak of confusion, and slaughter, and blood — when its dull, dusky hue was illumined with blazing rockets, and red flashes of fiery light, the bursting of the terrific shell, and the ascent of the fire-ball!

In the hottest part of the assault I saw my gallant young comrade, Fitzmorris, mount a ladder from which a fine promising officer had just dropped lifeless. My eye was on him when it was at liberty to wander: I saw him wounded and taken through the breach. Numbers were falling on every side, the trenches were filling with the wounded, and dead and dying; shrieks and groans were around me, and the sounds of slaughter and carnage reminded us that the death of our friends, our companions, ourselves was not to be a surprise; still I felt the *possibility* of the loss of *one* friend. But his father saw what I did. —

However, the assault went on, and when it was over, we found ourselves in possession of a dearly-purchased fortress, and Charles, covered with blood and dirt, in his father's arms. He had been wounded in the sword arm, and though it occasioned his being tak-

en, it was a thing of no other consequence. Yet this small circumstance was a proof to some of us, that we were not prepared to lose him.

A way was now opened to us into the very heart of Spain, and our march towards Salamanca was hardly opposed.

To this period of my life, memory often looks back: men I valued were then at my side, and friends who—— Well! — all this is needless.

When we halted, sometimes amid grand romantic scenery, and sometimes in the soft loneliness of natural beauty, Courtenay, Devereux, Charles Fitzmorris, and I, would generally assemble together, and, under the shade of a tree, on a rough mountain's side, or in a peasant's cottage, forget all the privations and uncomfortableness that fall to the lot of soldiers.

One evening we had got into a little mountain hut belonging to some poor shepherd; he was absent, but as his house contained too few treasures to need security, we found it open and took possession of a lodging for the night. We had just lighted up some logs of fir, and pieces of brushwood, and whatever we could pick up, and were enjoying the cheerful blaze, when he came in. It was singular to see the figure that entered into the brightly illuminated little hut in striking contrast to its red-coated occupants; his shaggy

dress of black sheep skin, his shepherd's staff, his fine erect and sinewy figure, which though his grey hair, and the lines of his face announced the decline of life, was still unbowed by the infirmities of age, were all seen to advantage in the bright uncertain light that blazed in his poor little dwelling. He was followed by a huge fierce-looking wolf-dog, whose appearance made us spring up and raise our swords in self-defence, when his master laying his hand on the angry animal's neck, instantly restrained its attack. He soon became intimate with us — he regarded us as the deliverers of his country, and freely bestowed on us all the hospitalities that his miserable abode could yield. Poor man! he was left alone, its solitary occupant. He told his little tale so simply, so unlaboured, it was more touching in its unaffected pathos than the most wrought-up description. He had once been in comfortable and happy circumstances, but the misfortunes of his country reached to him; he lost his little property — his gallant son joined the Spanish patriots on their first struggle for liberty, and soon left him childless. Still he had his wife, his faithful affectionate wife, who in all his losses was his treasure — who in all his troubles was his stay — who shared his hardships, and cheered him when his toil was done. But she died too, for her heart was *broken,* though her eye still beamed and her

lip still smiled for him. He laid her in the grave, and there he buried his last ray of joy, his last of earthly hope; and then he collected the remnant of his little property and gave it in a mass for her soul!

The shepherd while he spoke, sat on the stump of a tree that had been brought in for firing; one arm rested on the neck of his huge dog, the elbow of the other was supported on his knee, and one side of his face covered with his brawny weather-beaten hand. Young Fitzmorris was standing opposite to him, leaning his light graceful figure against the wall of the hut, his arms were lightly folded, his head a little declined at one side, and his eyes, in which sweetness and intelligence were more happily and perfectly combined than is usually the case, were bent upon the aged and sorrow-stricken man, with such a look of pitying interest as a painter might throw into the countenance of some heavenly visitant, some benevolent spirit that bent its regards on the erring object of its pity and its love. I glanced from one to the other; it is a sketch that memory can paint very truly still.

Devereux was the first that broke the silence. 'How affecting,' he exclaimed, 'is the story of the Spanish peasant!—untaught, unsophisticated;—nature prompts the devotion of his heart, and he is actuated and governed by her pure dictates!'

This speech roused Charles from his entrancement; he darted a glance towards me that inquired what was become of truth and wisdom; he did not appear to notice it otherwise, but seating himself beside our host he spoke to him in Spanish a few minutes, and then joining us around the fire, thoughtfully sighed —'poor man!' and gazed in silence on the blazing faggots as if he wished to discover like Cowper,

> 'Trees, churches, and strange visages expressed
> In the red embers; while with poring eye
> He gazed, himself creating what he saw.'

But starting from his short abstraction, he showed us he had not spent the time

> 'In indolent vacuity of thought,'

by exclaiming, 'Devereux, will you tell me the meaning of the fine speech you made just now?'

'The meaning was simply what the words expressed. I think the religion of the Spanish peasant is touching, is affecting, because it is the religion of nature and the heart.'

'The religion of nature!' — Charles repeated in that emphatic manner that always was indicative of a wish to controvert the truth of the sentiment he uttered. 'The religion of nature! — Devereux, if you wanted to trace the progress of society, would you repair to Paris or to London to begin your study?'

'Come Fitzmorris, no more catechising — *begin* whatever you have to say at once; I

never knew two men more different than you and your father; I would rather have a lecture from him than an argument with you; he always comes to the point at once, careless, plain, straight-forward; but you go so much about, I can never tell what you will come to.'

'I always *mean* to speak simply, and I will be as bluff as my father; aye, and more so, if you please. But answer me this plain question: when you speak of the religion of nature do you mean the religion that proceeds from the light of natural conscience and is formed according to the ideas, the inclinations and desires of the peculiar people among whom it subsists? Such is my idea of it. Traverston, have you ever reflected on the constitution of what Devereux calls the religion of nature?'

'Not much, I confess.'

'I am sorry for it, for I wanted you to dispute the ideas I have formed in my travels, if they are erroneous; you know that observation and reflection have been almost my only tutors. I think the genius of the religion that we see subsisting among nations, where the ight of revelation does not extend, appears so well adapted to the propensities—the ideas of happiness or of good—the objects of fear, and those of hope, that prevail among each several people—that its human and *local origin is* easily discovered. The war-

rior of the north anticipates no higher bliss after death, than drinking ale from the skulls of his enemies in the hall of Odin. The liberty-loving Indian of North America, hopes to roam free and untrammelled through etherial space. The religion of nature teaches men to expect the rewards that are most agreeable to their natural tastes, and they make future happiness to consist in the enjoyment of the good they would covet on earth.'

'Traverston, that reminds me of a poor man in our own country, who was looking in at a kitchen window where a fine dinner was preparing, and when he moved discontentedly away, he consoled himself by saying, with a longing glance at the covered board, 'Well, God help us!—when we get to heaven we will have meat every day in the week.'' *

'And this in a Christian land!—in a nominally Christian land!' Charles exclaimed—'Yet there are many, even in favored England—aye, and in dear Scotland too, whose ideas of future happiness are not better defined; nor perhaps so well defined; for they speak of a happiness they can conceive nothing of; a happiness, the slightest aspiration after which they have never felt—a taste for which they have never cultivated. But this is not what I wanted to talk about. You acknow-

* Fact.

ledge that natural religion is directed to the consciences, the desires, hopes and fears of men; that it leads them to propitiate the favour of the Deity, which they have to suit their own ideas, by vows, and offerings, and sacrifices; and to avert the anger that conscience tells them they merit, by self-inflictions, oblations, and atonements. Now, Devereux, is this the religion which a Roman Catholic tells me exists in the land where Popery dwells enthroned? If it is so, what inference are we to draw, but that its system is a human system; calculated to command the minds of men by influencing their passions, by speaking to the corruptions of their unregenerated nature?'

'What do you mean, pray?'

'I mean that the religion of the gospel — the religion of unadulterated Christianity, is calculated to combat all the wants and woes, the infirmities and corruptions of our nature. But the adulterated system of the Romish religion, is framed to cherish what it opposes — to encourage what it subdues — to license what it condemns. The religion of Christ gives the sinner strength to subdue these corruptions of his nature — the religion of Popery gives the sinner liberty to remain in them. It addresses itself to his passions — his inclinations — his fears. Is it easier to do penance than to repent? — this religion *puts the one* for the other. Is it easier to

purchase an indulgence than to forsake sin? —this religion says, give your money and continue in sin. Is it easier to whisper the partially told tale of misdoing in the ear of a fellow creature, and to obtain from his lips the large promise of pardon from on high, than to pour out the depths of a deceitful heart before the holy, pure, eternal Jehovah, and humbly, and earnestly, patiently and repeatedly, to supplicate pardon as an act of sovereign mercy — not for any satisfaction we can make for sin, but through the satisfaction of the Redeemer? — this religion says, confess and receive absolution. Is it easier to give a little money to the church when the soul of some beloved one is gone, than to watch, and labour, and pray for their spiritual good — to risk offending them, or to forfeit their love while they tabernacled in the land of hope? — this religion says, give your worldly goods in masses for the souls of your friends, and the prayers of the church will effect their salvation.'

'You think then that prayers for the departed are of no avail?' said Devereux.

'None: the soul's everlasting state is irrevocably fixed the moment it takes its flight from the body.'

'You Protestants do not believe in Purgatory,' he thoughtfully rejoined.

'Soul deluding error!' exclaimed Charles. '*Devereux*, if you fall to-morrow — if you

died to-night, do you believe your soul would enter Purgatory?'

'I do not think I am good enough for heaven,' said poor Devereux, hesitatingly.

'Nor bad enough to be quite a cast away, I suppose,' Courtenay remarked with a sort of smile, that showed as if some degree of sympathy of feeling existed between him and Devereux.

'Now here is a staunch Catholic, and here (in his own ideas at least) a good Protestant,' said Charles, laying a hand on a shoulder of each — 'and yet I dare say, if their religious sentiments and opinions were analyzed, the difference would be found to have existed in names more than realities. Oh! if men could only be brought to cast their soul's hope on the rock of their salvation — if they would look simply to the atonement of Christ — dwell solely on the all-sufficient merits of Christ, how would the errors of Protestantism and Romanism fall to the ground; where would be self-righteousness and unbelief — the pride of working out our own salvation, and the fear of coming short in the procuring of it? Where would be all the saviours that Protestants and Catholics have made for themselves; their good works — their morality — their good intentions — their discharge of relative duties — their prayers and their penances — their mortifications and confes-

sions — and pilgrimages and alms-giving — and fastings and seclusions?'

'When revealed religion is predominant, natural religion sinks,' said I, 'and these things undoubtedly do not belong to the former, for they are named only to be reprobated in scripture.'

'Heigh-ho!' said Courtenay rising, 'you three may argue here all night if you please, but I will prepare better for the march to-morrow.' So saying, he stretched himself on the floor, and wrapped his cloak about him, as if composing himself to sleep.

We sat a little longer conversing, but when I looked round again, the sinking blazes were dancing fitfully over the rough walls — the shepherd was asleep, his wolf dog crouched at his feet, and Courtenay, looking at our three figures closely grouped about the fire.

'What! not asleep yet?' I said.

'Who could sleep while you are chattering there like so many old women.'

'That is very good, Alick,' said Charles; 'would the talking of three old women disturb sleep more effectually than all the noise you slept through last night?'

'Well, I suppose I was more inclined to sleep; thought scares away sleep still more effectually than either species of disturbance.'

'And what thoughts scare your sleep now —*poor* Alick?'

'Oh! a man has always enough to think about these times.'

'Well, I will follow your example, and exchange conversation for thought.'

'Or for sleep rather!' said Courtenay, looking at him as he folded himself in his cloak and lay down on the floor; and so it was, for the poor fellow, who was both tired and sleepy, after a few minutes silent devotion was in sound and calm repose.

Devereux and I agreed to maintain our places longer, and we soon got on a subject that kept us in them later than we had intended. Our native country was the theme, its political and moral evils; we each felt and deplored them, for we were Irishmen in heart — in affection as well as in name. Devereux alleged the former evil, and lamented it, but he was inclined to deny, or at least dispute the latter: with young Fitzmorris who had no acquaintance with Ireland, he would probably have denied a point, which with me he disputed and finally conceded. He granted at length, that the religion of our poor countrymen tended to depress their national character, not in a political but moral point of view: for the ignorance in which it is the interest of the Romish priests to keep them, is attended by its usual concomitants, indolence, uncleanliness, debasing superstitions, and the commission of crime; but still he wished to *refute the* assertion he had heard me former-

ly make respecting the enormous assumption of power by the Romish priests of Ireland. My mind glanced back in painful retrospection; an instance of that undue influence occurred to me, and it forced a groan from my heart. Poor Amy! — at last that word is written, which in all the course of my rambling retrospections I could never force my pen to write. Yes, poor Amy, thy wrongs, thy trials, thy meek endurance rose up before me, and I felt —— No, such feelings cannot be told.

CHAPTER XI.

Amy Fitzgerald was the daughter of a man of property and respectability in a remote part of Ireland. Her mother and mine were bosom friends, companions, and near relatives: the two former they continued until that divider of so many girlish companionships, marriage, parted them. The one was married to a retired country clergyman, the other to a Roman Catholic gentleman of fortune.

Mr. Fitzgerald, though bearing the appellation of Christian, was in fact an unbeliever *in all religions*; he would as soon have mar-

ried a Jewess, or a Mahometan as he did a Protestant; yet pride, or some other motive made him insist on having his children brought up in the Catholic faith. His wife readily assented: she knew of little difference, except in form, between both religions, and she thought one was as good as another; so that, though she remained a nominal Protestant herself, she felt no uneasiness at her children being Roman Catholics.

She had moved on quietly and happily the smooth-flowing eighteen years of her unmarried life — uniting a pleasing person with a sweet and amiable disposition, and a mild affectionate manner: she knew few who did not love her, and few whom she did not love. Like some quiet little stream that flows on unruffled through a flowery pasture land, the eye that traced her gentle course could not foresee that it was to become troubled and turbid and agitated, to be impeded by rocks, and tossed by obstacles, that its calmness was to be lost, and its appearance changed. But so it was, and such is the fate of many another. She had married, and married she knew not what: she left her quiet home, her girlish happiness, her innocent pursuits, — and she left them for heartlessness and contempt in the house of a husband.

Mr. Fitzgerald's friends did not like his unassuming wife; they could tell much that she *was not; they* could sum up in one word

what she *was*. She was not rich, she was not talented, she was not clever, brilliant, notable, or accomplished — and she was — a Protestant. He learnt to treat her with indifference, and soon with superciliousness: she encountered trials and provocations, and she had not strength to oppose, or resolution to bear them, so she sunk into a quiescent state of feeling — neither seeming to suffer or enjoy, to hope or fear.

Such was her state till religion brought its heavenly aid, its divine panacea for all human ills. My dear mother's mind had lately been directed to the subject, and she strove to bring her friends to the enjoyment of it. For who will not tell a beloved and suffering friend of the physician who has healed all their maladies, who has recovered them from all their sicknesses? To poor Mrs. Fitzgerald she told not in vain that there was a balm in Gilead for her relief — that there was a physician there. She soon found the comforts of which she told her; she felt the blessed supports of religion, and she learnt again to hope and to rejoice.

But religion is still, in some way or other, attended by its cross: if not displayed in external trials, it is felt in inward conflicts. If she recovered her capability of enjoying, she recovered also, keenly recovered her capability of suffering. She had learnt to feel for *immortal* souls — and there was her husband: *what though* he was proud, unfeeling, over-

bearing — still he was her husband, — and Oh! his state was awful! And then her children — her darling little innocents — training up as heirs of the same moral evils; little victims, to be immolated at the shrine of their father's pride: brought up to be — no matter what — so they bore the title of Catholics.

Now she felt the full misery of being united to one who was not of 'one heart and one way' with herself, one with whom indeed there could be no union but in words. She was not the instructer of her children; one by one, as they became capable of instruction, the priest, who lived in the house as chaplain to the family, became their teacher. Such was her state when Amy was born; the last, the best beloved, the loveliest of all her children.

At the time of her birth the state of the family, in regard to religion, might seem to resemble that of the people who cast away their old idolatry before they had received a new religion. Her father in some public business had taken the side which his priest wished him not to take; but Mr. Fitzgerald not being then under much apprehension of the terrors of the church, nor in great subjection to priestly influence, stoutly maintained a Britain's prerogative of thinking and acting for himself: and so the indignant chaplain left his house, and retired to one in *the neighbourhood*, until this rebellious son of

the church should be terrified into submission : and when summoned to baptize the child, not only peremptorily refused for himself, but for his whole brotherhood : thus condemning this guiltless infant, (according to the Roman Catholic ideas) to punishment for the father's fault, if it died unbaptized. But the Jesuit for once calculated wrong; he dealt with an infidel, one whom all the thunders of the Vatican could not appal. He knew that the priests would soon court the reconciliation he would not seek, and so to give them an open proof of his indifference, although he thought it a matter of very little consequence whether the ceremony was performed at all or not, he sent for the Protestant rector, and little Amy was in form admitted a member of a church in which she was not to continue. But her poor mother for the time forgot this; she took her in her arms as a member of *her own* church, one who was to tread in *her own* steps, who might imbibe *her own* sentiments, and wept upon her baby face the tears of joy, of anxiety, thankfulness, and sorrow. Poor Amy ! the complexion of thy short life partook of the mingled nature of thy mother's tears !

Amy became her mother's idol; she felt a new interest in her; she watched with a peculiar emotion the dawning intellect, the attempts at speech, the tottering movements, that announced the commencement of her

abors for the weal of this her beloved, it eemed as if her only child — because towards it she thought she might hope to act nore of the mother's part. And as her daring grew up, she promised to be all, and nore than all that her sanguine hopes anticiated. To her mother's person was united n Amy a far superior mind, a mind of no ommon stamp. She remained entirely unler her mother's eye — her pupil, her comanion, her little store of all that made her ife interesting — until she was more than ten ears old; she even went with her to church efore she had been to chapel. In this Mrs. 'itzgerald's heart misgave her; it might be rrong, she feared she was transgressing: but 1 consequence of her husband's quarrel with he priest — which had never yet been made p, though overtures were proffered from the ther side — there was not even the external emblance of religion maintained in the famir; and he had always left little Amy so enrely to herself, and seemed to care so little or her, that she believed, poor woman, he eant to do so always, and intended that as e child had been admitted by baptism into e Protestant church she should tacitly be llowed to remain in it; and besides all this, s Mr. Fitzgerald would not permit his family go to the chapel, Amy must either go with er, or live like the rest without even a form *f religion.*

But this time of peace was not always to be continued either to herself or her child.

Mr. Fitzgerald met with some heavy pecuniary losses; and trials which effected even more than these: one calamity and one vexation, be they in their nature great or little, followed hard on another. Among many others was the death of his second son, an amiable and pleasing lad — whose conciliating manners, and sweet disposition, rendered him a general favourite in a family, where uncontrolled tempers, and unregulated dispositions, occasioned much domestic unhappiness. His eldest son, though he possessed an unaccountable influence with him, was disagreeable, haughty, and overbearing — and made him doubly feel the loss of his dutiful, gentle boy; who had, nevertheless, appeared to enjoy less of his favor when alive. These things weighed heavily on his mind. He lost his health and spirits: his friends came about him, they reminded him of his conduct to the priests, and represented the indignities he had offered to the church. His servants took up the same story: if a horse was hurt, a sheep stolen, or a cow accidentally killed; it was no wonder, when Father —— was so ill used. His conscience began to accuse him; he thought there might be some truth in these things; he began to think that heaven and hell, and a day of final retribution might not be the mere *invention* of priest-craft. He became un-

easy, but that uneasiness did not drive him to the sinner's Friend, did not send him to the word of God to inquire, 'Are these things so?' No, it drove him to the priests, to whom he believed all power committed; he made the submission he had long withheld, he humbly atoned for his fault, recalled the offended chaplain, loaded him with marks of favor, gave him illimitable power over his household, and passed gradually from infidelity to bigotry, from the contempt of all religions to the credence of all superstitutions. Now the spiritual state of the family was looked into, not to inquire whether they had become sensible of their condition as fallen yet responsible creatures, whether they felt their need of a Saviour, and were looking unto Christ Jesus the only hope of sinners; whether their hearts were renovated by divine grace, and their lives regulated by divine truth — but to inquire were they steady in the faith; that is, were they blindly and obstinately persuaded that the Romish Church was the only true one, and steadily assured that beyond its pale there was no hope of salvation.

In this faith there was found, with the exception of Mrs. Fitzgerald, but one heretic, the young and happy Amy: she could not believe that her good, her pious mother, was a cast-away; she had read that prohibited book, the word of God, which she possessed, *and she knew* that she sought for salvation in

the way that it directed, and that it was written, 'He that believeth on me shall never perish.' She thought, for her young judgment was untrammelled, not he that believeth in a priest, but he that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, and so his assurance that her mother's soul, if she died the heretic she had lived, was lost, gave her only a feeling of abhorrence for him who uttered it; and she felt not the shadow of uneasiness at dissenting from the creed of the infallible church.

Amy was taken to chapel; but first impressions are always most powerful; to their influence, perhaps, some would attribute the strong desire which she expressed to be allowed to attend in preference the services of the Protestant church; to the impression which these simple services had made on an unprejudiced mind, they would ascribe perhaps the sensation of disgust which she felt at the multifarious and unmeaning ceremonies of Roman Catholic worship.

Amy and her mother, in consequence of these heretical manifestations, were separated; and all the efforts of the priest, and the authority of his patron, appeared to be devoted to the task of rooting out the seeds of heresy from her young mind, and to the conversion of her mother to the Catholic faith, by making her life miserable while she remained in the Protestant.

They could not bend her principles, but they broke her heart; she died when Amy was about sixteen, and bequeathed to her beloved girl her Bible and her sorrows.

Before her death, Mrs. Fitzgerald wrote to my mother, requesting her when it was over to invite poor Amy to her house: the invitation was accordingly sent; and Mr. Fitzgerald, to whose conscience his daughter's look of uncomplaining, deep-seated sorrow, conveyed a silent, but a stinging reproach, accepted it for her, thinking it would be a relief to the rest of the family to have the poor, mourning, disconsolate-looking thing taken away, till her first grief was over.

She came to us a mourner in garb and in heart: I was prepared to pity, but not to admire her: yet, I have since seen people of different lands and different ranks, and never one whose appearance was more irresistibly engaging, more calculated to produce an instantaneous interest in the beholder's mind. The quiet gracefulness of her manner and person, the calm thoughtfulness of her young face, the expression of seriousness that was in the eyes, (whose sweet intelligence I never saw those that approached to, except in Charles Fitzmorris) seemed to indicate the complexion of the life that was before her, and the expressions so prematurely settled, inspired a wish to know the circumstances *that had so* early stamped their impress on

that youthful brow. Yet there was nothing of gloom, little even of sorrow in her look; nor was her appearance faded and careworn; the soft clear paleness of her cheek was the hue of nature; and nature too, had stamped those prognosticating characters that commanded so deep an interest.

Amy was still nominally a Roman Catholic; but she was so only because she knew she must be so; her mother's religion was the religion of her heart; her Bible was the guide of her life. While with us she attended constantly my father's church, and she enjoyed and prized the season of mental liberty. In our family, she did not, I regret to say, meet so many religious advantages as she might have expected, in coming to one, whose members all professed the same faith; but I have before hinted there were errors among us. While professing the Scripture doctrine of salvation, through faith, there appeared in general too little practical remembrance of the Apostle's charge, 'work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you.' Through the dread of legality, they overlooked the circumspection that Christians are called to maintain, grounding an enormous error on a divine truth; we (for in this I can include myself) appeared to think, that because *Christ had* done *all*, we need do nothing. *Faith, it is* said, cannot be inoperative; I be-

lieve it, but faith needs to be strengthened, to be renewed; if its daily bread be not sought, if the means of cherishing and enlivening it be neglected, faith will not be active. At least, I cannot otherwise account for the state of things in our house: when religion was discussed, and doctrines examined, we were all Bible Christians; but when we ourselves were examined by our Lord's criterion, 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' the answer at best was doubtful.

I do not say that doubt even existed in my case; no, not even charity, the blind, perhaps erring, charity of my poor Amy could maintain it there. I knew nothing of religion but what I heard from others; I believed it to be right and necessary; and the doctrines that appeared to my benighted mind, which, while proudly saying, 'I see, I see,' was enveloped in Egyptian night, to afford a laxity of moral practice, were readily adopted. I lived the child of wilful error; I could talk of faith; I could say this duty is legal — this observance is pharisaiacal — this abstinence from the gratification we desire, is superstitious.

Instead of imbibing our errors, Amy soon detected them, and I am sure some of us at least, will for ever have cause to bless the day she came among us.

My dear sister Emma possessed a kindred mind with her; Emma had always been my *favourite; yet I think I loved her better when*

she became Amy's. They rest now beneath the same white stone in my father's churchyard. Well, let this pass.

Amy's stay with us was protracted far beyond what we had any expectation of; indeed it appeared that she was forgotten at home. It was while she was with us that I received my commission, and prepared to join my regiment, then stationed in Ireland. Poor girl! she appeared to know so much more of the world than I did, because she knew the human heart better, that I listened to her with that attention which experience claims from inexperience: and still, though now, alas! I know the world, we both then knew little of: still, still I bless thee Amy—thy counsels preserved me from many a danger which was not anticipated by you; and the recollection of thy love, thy favourable, Oh! too favourable opinion of one so unworthy of thy regard, made me desire to be better than I was, and restrained me from becoming worse. Well, thou art gone! But while I write, thy mild, beseeching eye is beaming on me, though I am all alone—thy soft accents fall on my ear, though no sound is stirring near me. Farewell! again, until I join thy freed spirit in realms, where persecution, and sorrow, and injury, and reproach, cannot harm thee,—in realms where

'Not a wave of trouble rolls
Across thy peaceful breast.'

My best loved sister, my dear gentle Emma, fell into a decline shortly after I left home; she lingered out some painful months; but her soul was daily renewing its strength, while her poor outward frame, the frame that was so pleasant to our eyes, decayed day by day. Her cousin was her constant attendant, her greatest earthly support; they were a mutual benefit to each other, building each other up in their most holy faith, and both labouring, 'that whether living or dying, they might be accepted together.' And when Emma died, while Amy hung over and cried 'alas! my sister! my soul is distressed for thee!' she prayed a prayer that soon was answered, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like her's!'

Like a wild bull in a net, is the natural man in affliction; and such was I: in the strife of human passions, the storm of rebellion, the chafing disappointed self-will, who can 'hear the rod, and who hath appointed it?' Hardly could I hear, when I missed the voice and the smile of the dear gentle girl, who always ran to welcome me; the accents that reminded me in tones of softest affection, of the danger of setting our hopes and our love too strongly on any earthly object. Poor Amy! your words were prophetic, 'believe me, Henry, as long as you do so, you will be laying up a store of misery for your-

self.' Yes, Amy, he who now writes your words feels their truth.

For some time after Emma's death, the world lost its charms; I thought less of its hopes, its prospects, its illusive pleasures, and more of the heaven where she was gone. But I did not relish a life of preparation for that heaven; and so, as sorrow lost its poignancy, this world again rose, and the next disappeared. I again laid schemes of earthly happiness, dreamed gay dreams of bliss, and forgot the lesson I had just began to learn, even that 'man is vanity, and all his work a thing of nought, for his expectation perisheth, and his hope faileth, and he himself shall die in like manner.'

A mandate from home recalled Amy to her father's house, soon after poor Emma's death; and this was the commencement of my anxieties: I could not see her, could not even write to her; but after some time, my mother got a letter from her, entreating her to receive her, to give her an asylum. She came back, looking the spectre of herself. She only told us the general causes of her return; she had renounced the Roman Catholic religion. Her eldest brother had always treated her cruelly; her father was instigated by superstition to the same conduct — both were governed and directed by priests: poor Amy had no one to assist, no one to uphold her; *she was, in* short an outcast; but she had lit-

tle hope of being allowed to remain long in the asylum she had chosen.

A division of my regiment was then quartered in a country town, about fifteen miles from my father's house; I was, of course, often there. One evening Amy received a letter, which, from the paleness it spread over her face, and the sickening sensation it seemed to give her, conveyed no pleasing intelligence. She got up to leave the room, but walked so unsteadily I gave her my arm, and entreated her to tell me the cause of her agitation. 'I do not wish to appear reserved with you, Henry,' she said, in a voice of sorrow that thrilled to my heart, 'but do not ask me this evening.' I was to return to my quarters at an early hour next morning, I reminded her of this, and she promised to see me before I went.

As I came out of my room the next morning, the woman who attended her, opened the door of hers to call her as she had been desired: she started back exclaiming, 'Oh! Mr. Henry, what is the matter?' What, I echoed impatiently, 'Oh! Sir, Miss Fitzgerald.' I started to the door, Amy was reclining back in a large chair; on a table before her was a Bible, a hymn book, a sheet of paper, and a pencil; her head was on the back of the chair, her dress unchanged from the evening before, and her face so colorless, *I thought* — no I did not think at all — I

sprang towards her so suddenly, the horrid thought had not time to form : she was not, however, dead, she was only asleep ; she started up at the noise I made, the comb dropped out of her hair, and it fell over her shoulders as she rose up. She smiled at our alarm, and owned that she had not lain down all night. 'I knew I could not sleep,' she said with a countenance and voice of calm tranquillity, as she gathered up her glossy hair. 'But a few minutes ago I fell into a slumber, because my mind was then composed. Go to the parlour, Henry, and I will follow you, or let us walk round the lawn, it will be more refreshing this fine morning.'

Dear girl! — that was the last time we walked there, over that path which I trod not long since ; and that was the last time we sat in that now ruined bower where you and Emma often chatted to me through many a summer's evening !

I did not leave the glebe so early as I intended, and when I did leave it, I went sanguinely anticipating the removal of some few obstacles that stood in the way of my attainment of the earthly happiness I coveted. But these obstacles appeared almost as nothing when viewed in the glass that hope presented. 'And then, Amy,' I said, spurring on my horse as my quarters appeared in sight, 'and *then* Amy we part no more !' No more —— *On this side* of eternity will men thus speak :

no more sufferings, no more sorrows, no more partings. Ah! no! it is not here, though our cup may seem already full to the brim, that we can say no more.

Still adverse circumstances arose, and my mind was kept anxious, and my spirits at times depressed. That living faith that supported a weak timid girl in many more trials, was not mine; that belief in the sure promise of the Most High, that he who trusts in Him shall not want any good thing, was not *then* impressed on my mind; it was on hers, and that which the God she trusted in saw good for her, was given to her.

That ball, to which Courtenay alluded, was the one from which I was summoned to her sick bed. The day light was dawning when I entered her room; the shutters were open, but the curtains still drawn; the gray light of morning they admitted, blended with that of the still burning watchlight, cast a shade of sombreness, that, joined with the stillness, the deep repose that reigned throughout the house and in the room, made me feel at first as if hurried in the transition of a dream from such a scene of mirth, and light, and noise, and brilliancy, as that I had left, to one that spoke of awe and apprehension, and the dread of coming sorrow.

Amy had been tossing on a feverish pillow, but just before I came in she awoke from a *few minutes* sleep that had refreshed her;

she felt herself better, and, noticing my dress —all travel-soiled as it was, still bearing evidence that I had hurried from company to see her, for I had flung myself on my horse as I was, and rode, I knew not how,— she held out her hand to me, apologizing for having sent for me.

'The summons that calls me to your side will never need an apology, Amy,' I said, as I bent over her burning hand.

I learnt that her father and brother had been at the glebe, that they had had a violent argument, if argument is not a misapplied word; and Amy was to have been taken away, had not the agitation she was thrown into ruptured a blood vessel, under the consequences of which she now suffered. I staid with her as long as I could; I thought of a thousand plans for her and myself, but I feared to mention them all; a few I did, and she smiled at some, shook her head at others, and doubted the efficiency of all. I left her to obtain leave from our commanding officer to remain at the glebe for a short time; it could not be granted for two or three days; at the end of that time I hurried back.

My eldest sister met me on the stairs; she gave me her hand without saying a word, 'Amy!' was all that I could utter.

'She has been wishing for you.'

'*Can I* see her?'

'*Yes*, come on.'

I was leaning against the balustrade; she went on and opened the door, I followed her with a violent effort to it, but there I stopped. Amy's bed was opposite to it; she was raised a little up by pillows; high upon each cheek was a deep hectic spot, burning there in striking contrast to the paleness that was beneath, and the snowy brow above them. Neither of us spoke. I *could* not, and feeling for me affected her. At last she said in her own soft tone of affection, 'Henry.' I turned away, and flung out of the room; and when my sister and my eldest brother followed me, I was pacing like a mad-man up and down the lobby; I heard not one word they said, as they followed me back and forwards in all my impatient turns, laying each a hand on my arms, that were endeavouring to free themselves from the restraint: still the wish of getting rid of them, made me rush back to Amy's room; I heard *her* voice, and became more rational.

That night I was summoned to her bedside; I had not lain down, though the first streaks of day were breaking, and I was soon with her. My sisters and my mother were standing round her bed; they drew back to let me advance; Amy motioned with her hand to them to do so, and sent an anxious look across the room, as I came over to her. I threw myself on my knees beside her, my *damp forehead* was leaning upon her hand.

'Henry,' she said faintly, and from time to time pausing, and collecting her breath to go on, 'I had a great deal to say to you; I cannot say it now — think of Amy — think of all she has said — think of meeting her in heaven: but, oh!' she said with more animation, as if a sudden recollection crossed her, 'oh! let not that hope be all, or be the chief one that makes you look forward to heaven. Henry, examine your heart more — be sure that you have an interest in the Redeemer — oh! do not deceive your own soul; if you love him, keep his commandments — hate sin, and love holiness, not because you love it in your sinful fellow-creatures, but because He is holy.' She paused, and drawing her hand from my grasp, put it under her pillow, and took out a book, which she put into mine, holding both between her's, and then a few large tears rolled quickly down her face, the hectic colour faded for a moment; but when she exerted herself to speak, it returned again, and she rapidly went on.

'Henry, dear Henry, this little volume is all the token that will be left you of your poor Amy's affection; oh! let it never, never cease to be your companion, your guide, your counsellor: better, a thousand times better, will it be than all that she ever hoped to be, than all she ever could have been.' She looked the *unutterable* farewell, that she could not speak, *that I could* not listen to, and slowly drawing

off her sweet soft eyes from mine, she raised them upward while she prayed ——. No— that prayer shall not be breathed on earth again — but if, through grace, I meet thee, Amy, before the throne, then shalt thou know thy prayer was heard and answered.

Enough of this, the retrospections that harrow up the soul may not be detailed.

I saw poor Amy laid in the grave where Emma was laid before her, and I saw a plain white stone, emblematic in its hue of those it covered, placed over all ——. But this must not be, I have said I would say no more.

It was when I rejoined my regiment, after a dangerous fever, that I first felt Courtenay's real worth. He had now attained greater worldly prosperity, and perhaps, too, greater real happiness than he had ever anticipated: he was married to the woman of his choice, and he was possessed of a larger property than he could ever have expected. Yet prosperity — a rare instance — had neither hardened his heart, nor raised his self-esteem. He was still the same affable, kind, open-hearted man that he had been when he possessed no temporal distinctions above the poorest officer in the regiment. His feeling mind and manly disposition saved me many a pang which the roughness or impertinence of others might have given me: he forbore to pry into the cause of the deep and singular *dejection* that made me appear among my

former friends as transformed into another man; but he delicately and kindly sympathized with the wounded feelings he was not told of, and bore with the irritability he could not account for. Louisa, too, for his sake seemed to feel an interest in me, and the delicate attentions I met from her, I received as coming from him. Poor fellow! as he walked by my side the morning after the conversation had past which gave rise to these retrospections, I felt that while such friends were left to me as some of those with whom I then marched, I was still more favored than I deserved to be.

CHAPTER XII.

A FEW evenings previous to the battle of Salamanca, Courtenay and I had been engaged in attending to our division: when our business was done, I remarked that he appeared unusually serious. He did not deny the charge, for the smile that moved round his mouth as I spoke, amounted even to melancholy.

'*I was thinking* of my poor wife, Traverston. *It is* a thought of her that makes me

feel life precious even to myself; I would spare her — poor soul — if I could.'

'Do you remember the commission you gave me, Courtenay, on the Sierra de Busaco?' I spoke with a smile to remind him of the falsity of his former forebodings.

'I do,' he gravely replied; 'and I ask you, again, if it is in your power to serve my poor Louisa after my death to remember and do it.'

'If I had any one to recommend to your care, Courtenay, I might as well do so, as you to mine. The chance of war soldiers tell us is equal.'

'Perhaps so: but I feel as if *I* will not have to give a sigh for *you*.'

'Nor, I trust, will I for you, Courtenay; there is not a friend I would grudge more to lose than yourself.'

'I believe on some accounts you would almost rather see poor Charles Fitzmorris laid low than me, Traverston?'

'Fitzmorris,' I repeated, while balancing in my mind the scale of preference — 'Dear Charles, what would I do without him? — but Courtenay, my old my valued friend,——' I broke off the disagreeable decision that I could not make, and not knowing the reasons that he alluded to, said hastily, 'Why?'

'Because you believe him better prepared for death.'

I was surprised at the seriousness of the reply.

'I do, Courtenay. I believe, though I have reason, good reason to regard, to esteem, to love you as a tried faithful friend, an endeared companion, still I believe that Charles Fitzmorris is better prepared to stand before his God.'

Courtenay looked very grave, and when he spoke it was thoughtfully.

'There are such a variety of religious opinions and creeds in the world, they clash so together, that a man can hardly ever know whether he is right or wrong.'

'My dear Courtenay, the word of God is an infallible guide — it points out the one sure mode of salvation appointed for all mankind, who will accept of it; if we are right on that point, what matters it how much we differ on the several iotas of religious belief?'

'Perhaps, Traverston, I should be ashamed to acknowledge that I do not possess that infallible guide: I,' he hesitated a little, and added, 'I have no Bible; had I asked poor Louisa for her's, she would have thought my death-warrant sealed; and I own, if I had one, I should be *glad* to read it — I should wish to learn something more of a future world before — indeed I have long felt at times a desire to do so, but something held me *back from* confessing this, and I diverted my *mind from* the subject; but now I feel as if I

could willingly spend this night in studying the too long neglected book, of which I have so often heard.' He looked upwards as he spoke, and feeling, perhaps, awful feeling, gave a deeper shade to his dark eye, as he murmured in a low voice, 'Oh, God forgive *me* !' I put my hand into my breast-pocket, and drew out my now rightly valued book : I did not now feel, as I had done on a former occasion, that it was kept there as a sort of talisman ; I had, through mercy, learned to value it for *its own*, still more than for the giver's sake ; and I now read it with delight, and applied to it, I trust, as a humble inquirer after eternal happiness.

'Courtenay, I will lend you this, but with one proviso ; you must give it to me before we engage ; you will think it superstitious, but I could not go into battle without it ; I never have done so, I could not risk its loss ; if I were wounded I should like to have it about me ; and if I were killed — I cannot let go a foolish sort of a wish — that it should be buried with me.'

'I promise you, you shall have it, whatever your wishes may be,' said Courtenay, taking it from my hand ; but I caught the book, and opening it, took out of the blank leaves a long silken lock of dark brown hair, and folding it in a letter, put it into my breast, returning him the book.

Courtenay did not speak to me again till we were forming in order of battle; then coming up to me, he put the book I had lent him into my hand, and said,

'Traverston, if I fall to-day, I shall have cause, I trust, to bless you throughout eternity for this precious loan. It has taught me all that I wanted most to know, all that I long refused to learn; it has taught me that I am a sinner, and, blessed be God, it has pointed me to a Saviour.' I grasped his hand with a thrill of joy,—Oh! such joy as might impart to human bosoms some idea of the joy that is 'in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'

The fight was done—the bloody well-fought field was won, and I past among the ranks of wounded, dead, and dying to oversee the removal of the former. Fearful every moment of meeting some well-known face, of hearing the heart-rending accents of some well-known voice, I passed on, till a manly, handsome figure caught my eye.——Oh! it was a moment of exquisite agony! No, the soldier, even in the seat of war may be prepared for the death of his comrades, his acquaintances, but for that of his bosom friend —one who is a brother to him—no, he is not, he cannot. Courtenay, when I bent over you, I felt I was not familiar with death and *sorrow!* But he was not gone, he unclosed *his darkened* eye, those fine manly features

were relumined with the faint streaks of life, he pressed my hand, and collecting his breath, murmured, 'My friend I was right — my God was merciful — not unwarned — not unprepared — farewell, we shall meet, — my wife, my Louisa; Oh! Traverston tell her — tell her, I renounced my pride — tell her, the Redeemer's love alone was my support in death — tell her, to that love I commit her when her husband is no more. I have been unto her in the stead of God — but Oh! tell her to seek him when she is in trouble — tell her' —— his voice grew very husky, he raised himself slightly, and gathered his breath to add with a strong effort, 'Tell her to call on the God of the widow and the fatherless.' With that last effort his strength failed! one word more passed his lips, it was the cry of Peter — 'Lord save me!' — and his eye-lids sunk heavily down, his lip and limbs slightly quivered, and all was still.

Charles Fitzmorris and I, assisted by a brother officer, who was attached to him, buried Courtenay on the spot where he fell. He rests under his grassy mound, and the wild flowers spring from the turf that was saturated with his valiant blood. Strip the soldier's death of the ray of glory that the ideas of men fling around it; and if we know nothing of their latter end but that they died in the shock and hurry of fight, the believer *in an after* existence will tread with a feeling

of double awe over the field whose scattered mounds, and little hillocks mark out the graves which entomb the warriors' dust, and shrink from the question to which he can give no answer, 'Where rest the spirits that erst tenanted that clay?' But Fitzmorris, his son, and myself, in a solemn hour, knelt around that new-made grave, and on a field of blood and slaughter, sent up a thanksgiving unto Him who had redeemed a soul by His blood, and given our friend to be a partaker with those who were 'made kings and priests unto God for ever.' And thus we close a soldier's funeral rites: and rare though such a closing might be, thus we wished that our's might close too.

Courtenay, farewell! I may wander far and wide through this bleak world before I meet your fellow: and though it may be allotted me to drop a tear over many a tomb as I go, never will a sincerer one fall on a grave of marble or of clay, than that which moistened the earth under which we left you!

My health had been for some time suffering considerably; after my poor friend's death it failed me so much, that I was unfit for service, and the medical surgeon ordered me to Lisbon. I accompanied a Portuguese detachment that was escorting prisoners, and made the journey on horseback without any *difficulty*.

The melancholy scenes that constantly met my view as I journeyed quietly through the countries that had been ravaged by war, and contemplated at my leisure the traces of armies rolling by, the desolated aspect of convents, and churches, and houses : trampled vineyards, uncultivated fields, uprooted gardens, villages destroyed, and towns in ashes — all these things, with the recollection of one friend it had torn from my side, and the misery it brought to another, made me hate war ; and I think I should not have felt regret then at hearing that my sword was to rust in its sheath for ever. Yes ; to a man of thought, of feeling, of Christian principle, the scenes of war must be hateful. And then the thought of meeting poor Louisa ; I did not know whether she was yet acquainted with her husband's fate ; I rather thought not, and I dreaded to see her.

As soon as I reached Lisbon, however, I went to her house. At the sound of my voice, which she instantly recognized, she had sprung into the centre of the floor, and there she still stood when I came in, interrogating me only by her full-opened, speaking eye. Her look, so full of alarm, of wild apprehension, made me believe that she knew at least her husband had been wounded, and I did not attempt an appearance that might mislead her. She fixed *that wild,* penetrating glance on me for

about half a minute, and then with a short piercing shriek, dropped upon the floor.

I lifted her up; and when she found the power of speech, I felt her wild, hurried question, pierce my heart—'Have you taken care of him?' 'He was in the hands of his God,' I replied.

'*Was!*' she screamed, and burst into a fearful hysteric laugh.

Oh! of all the painful duties a Christian is ever called to perform, one of the most distressing is to address the rebellious child of nature in the first delirium of grief! There is a joy in visiting the house of chastened mourning, in sympathizing with the afflicted Christian, you rejoice in your grief; but when you hear a poor impotent child of earth arraign the attributes of the Almighty, refuse submission to his will, and call down his vengeance, by refusing to see or acknowledge his mercy, where reproof would be cruel, yet you feel it might be salutary; where you know not how to speak comfort, or how to administer relief, because you both view every thing through a different medium. Oh! this is a trial of feelings!

Poor Louisa! your's was the bitterness of unsubdued, unresigned sorrow: there was, alas! no hope in it: it partook most largely of the 'sorrow that worketh death;' and like *many* another victim to its deadly influence, *you might* have sunk into that morbid insen-

sibility, that listless wretchedness which preys on the heart, and withers up all its joyous and kindly feeling, that has soured many a cheerful temper, and changed many a warm disposition, that has blighted the young cheek of beauty, and plunged the gay, the young, the careless, into an early tomb. Oh! happy they, who in the hour of sorrow can feel there is One who in all their affliction is afflicted, who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men! Yes, I *now* can say all this — but no more; could such another trial *now* befall me, I might yield no evidence to the truth of my own words — yet their truth still remaineth; the conduct of an erring, sinful mortal, cannot impeach it; He can give ability to whom he will to glorify him even in the fires.

I could not speak to Louisa, could not reason with her, could not comfort her — yet I could not leave her. My own health required attention, but she required it more; day after day I was with her, and day after day I brought no hope. In the course of something more than a week, I was unable to leave my room; I sent to her to say so; and to my surprise, she entered it soon after: she came up to me looking so agitated, so uneasy. 'Traverston, I suppose I have killed you too,' was her wild address. I smiled. 'Oh! my husband's friend,' she exclaimed, 'the friend he

valued, who knew how to value him — if you die now! Oh! my selfishness — my cruelty!'

In vain I answered I was not really ill! she would not be persuaded of it. Poor thing! it was, I am sure, a fortunate illness for her; and it gave me a proof how some people, especially women, can rouse themselves from the deepest abandonment of sorrow, and the indulgence of apparently selfish feelings, when there is a call on them for exertion.

When I was out of danger, Louisa did not resume the wildness of her grief; but it was deeply and silently cherished. While I remained an invalid, we often sat together, and conversed on interesting subjects with calmness; and as soon as I was able to go out, my first business was to secure her a passage to England, to commit her and her child to the care of an officer who was returning there, and to see her a living monument of wo, ascend the vessel's side that was to bear her from the land of her sorrows.

I held the child in my arms, while she and its attendant went on board: the little thing looked about it in amazement at all the strange sights and sounds that the harbour presented; and fixing its inquiring eye on the coloured flag that streamed in the breeze, it stretched out its arms, and laughed and crowed with glee. I thought of the day I had seen it in *its poor* father's arms; I clasped Courtenay's *child to* my breast — too roughly I believe, for

it cried, and its cry brought back its mother to take it from my arms; I put it into her's; I could only say, 'God bless you!' and I watched the vessel moving slowly away.

At the return of spring, I again joined my regiment; the army had retreated to the frontiers while I was invalided; but now it again took the field, and we were soon after encamped among the Pyrenees, and the French army driven before us through their defiles, and across the Bidassoa into the confines of their own country.

The old campaigner, if he read these trifling pages would smile at my manner, in stepping over so much of interesting and important matter. But I only relate incidents that are connected with interesting recollections of friends I loved, or that are coupled in my memory with associations that give double feeling to the retrospection. I do not tell of the triumph of Vittoria, of the horrors of St. Sebastian, or of similar things, for my retrospections are in general fearful.

Among the grand and elevating scenery of the Pyrenees I enjoyed the excitation of feelings which may be termed romantic, but which I could not wish to be without.

Such glorious scenery — such grand and awful solitudes of nature it is not necessary to have the genius, no, nor the unsocial gloom of a Byron, to enjoy.

Never shall I forget a morning ushered in among the Pyrenees; but it is not for a pen like mine to describe it. Here I delighted to take my stand on some lofty height, and look beneath me and above, to scenes of deep, deep solitude, and awful greatness: in such scenes the mind can expand its powers, delight to feel them, and rise to the contemplation of objects suitable to it. In such scenes we can take a more just estimate of ourselves; when we are alone, withdrawn from all our fellows, with the mighty works of the Creator around us: and we are *forced* to contemplate his power and greatness who 'setteth fast the mountains, who layeth the foundations of the earth, who covereth it with the deep as with a garment.'

Here, too, where the gush of torrents, the scream of eagles, the flapping of the vulture's wing, or, it might be, the long hoarse roll of the re-echoed thunder, were the only sounds that broke the stillness, thought, feeling, and imagination would exercise their sway, and the mind at times be overpowered with its own sensations. Here, too, would thoughts of the past be busy, and memory would stir up for a little that mental strife with which silence and solitude now agreed, because I had found that in these I could best obtain a command over my rebellious heart, and govern the unruly workings of my impetuous self-will.

Here, till the bird of the mountain whistling *round my* head broke off my waking dream;

or those faithful attendants on armies, the kite and vulture, stooped screaming over me to know was I a prey or not, I would sit and hold converse with the absent and the dead, and hie over again short seasons of earthly sweetness that would never return in reality.

Nor in these hours of solitary thought wert thou, Courtenay, forgotten; here, again, I would hear in the stillness thy manly voice, I would see through the gloom thy open, honest smile, and I would dwell on thy death-words to console me for the loss of my friend. Charles Fitzmorris had not forgotten Courtenay: he felt his loss deeply, he missed his society greatly; but there is a feeling in the heart when one loses and laments a friend, that will not allow the idea that any one loved him, that any one lamented him, as we ourselves do. I thought I missed him more, I thought I regretted him more, and I strove to encourage myself in a belief that allowed me to pride myself on a pre-eminence of sorrow for him, by remembering that his young cousin and he had never been much together until lately, that the battalion to which Fitzmorris was attached had been on foreign service, and that *I* had been with Courtenay, his friend, his comrade, from the day I joined the regiment. Yet I did not wish to believe that Charles did not regret him, I only wished to think that *I* regretted him more. That *he did feel*, deeply feel, I knew; for often,

when some recollection of Courtenay would occur in conversation, he would pause, and when he said, with a stifled sigh, 'Dear Alick!' his eye would take a deeper shade, the colour would grow paler on his cheek, and he would throw open his breast as if he wished to breathe more freely, as if some suffocating sensation came over him. At such times he would make me repeat to him again the words that our young comrade had spoken to me; and then he would glance up to his spirit's home, and light would come brighter to his eye, and his countenance would kindle with holy joy and deathless hope, and the anthem of his soul as it mounted up in grateful submission would be. 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight!'

One morning my young comrade and I stood together on one of the heights of the mountains among which we were encamped. The grey light was stealing on through the sea, like mist that hung over mountain and valley, tree and rock. Gradually the rough bold peaks became visible, momentarily receiving a tinge or streak of light and losing it again — and then again developing themselves more fully — while beneath were thick and moving columns of vapour, and lower still in the valleys, the fog lay deep in settled gloom, giving them the appearance of ocean spread *out at our feet.*

We stood watching the gradual development of nature as her dusky mantle was slowly, and to the fanciful eye, reluctantly thrown off; I was observing where its withdrawing was revealing to me sights of war and tokens of armed hosts dwelling among such majestic loneliness — but my more animated companion seized my arm, and turning me away from the contemplation of mountains and dark rocks, and deep, deep vallies below me, where the white tents of our army lay like the unbroken avalanche, or scattered here and there over the broken ground, intersected as it was with rock and rivulet, and glen and hill, resembled heaps of drifted snow that lay there unmelted; he drew me a little towards the verge of the mountain and pointed out to me a different landscape. The fair fertile provinces of southern France were unfolding their golden aspect beneath the rising sun: scenes of rich fertility, and apparently smiling happiness lay stretched out beneath our feet — to turn to one side and then to another, the transition was great, was exquisite.

'I scarcely anticipated actually to stand here with you, Traverston, when in supposition I drew the sketch of this on the heights of Busaco.'

'No, Charles; but methinks it is no bad emblem of the Pisgah view you spoke of then.'

'And would you make yonder stream the river Jordan?' he said, pointing with a smile to the winding Bidassoa.

'Perhaps it may prove a Jordan to some,' I replied.

'Oh! happy they to whom it proves the passage to Canaan!' he exclaimed with animation.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the morning of the memorable seventh of October, the Bidassoa was to be crossed, and the enemy surprised, if a surprise could be effected. We mustered before day-break; it was a silent preparation that carried with it a feeling of awe and solemnity to the mind that was capable of sober thought. The pale star-light duskily revealed the sight of armed men, and forming columns — and those columns moving away in stillness, while the faint streaks of morning began to usher in a day of blood, and confusion, and slaughter — it was not a scene to be beheld with carelessness.

We lay down in concealment along the *bank, waiting* till the fall of the tide should

allow us to ford the river. I felt then for the first time, something like a conviction that this would be my last engagement, and I do not think I felt sorry for it: I felt that it was a solemn thing to die, yet I trust too, I felt ready, willing. For what should I wish to live? — this world had often deceived me — life had often pained me — my own heart had often grieved me. Thus I was thinking, when the conversation I had formerly with my young counsellor, Charles Fitzmorris, recurred to my mind, and I thought how much more animating was the view he took of death. I viewed it in this light too, and I found reason to hope, that I in some degree, at least, shared the feelings with which he looked forward to life's termination. It is not for me to say how many among us shared the serious reflections that engrossed myself; there was levity and carlessness, and thoughtless gaiety enough about me, but, 'both the inward thoughts of every man and the heart is deep.'

While they passed in my own mind, I turned my head, and saw Charles gazing with a look of intensity on the course of the river: what was then in his mind I know not; but as he lay reclining on his arm, and turned his head up to the bright sky above us, the expression of his beaming countenance was almost seraphic; a calm holiness seemed breathed over every feature; yet there was *so much ardour*, such a look of devotedness,

of — no, I cannot describe it ; I have *seen*, but I could not paint it.

When the signal of advance was given, he started lightly up, an animation seemed diffused over his whole person ; his air, his whole appearance that day, were noted by others as well as myself.

Well, the Bidassoa was crossed — Charles and I waded it together ; and as we reached the French bank, he grasped my hand warmly in his, but not a word was exchanged.

The event of that memorable day is well known. When the enemy was retreating, and our troops crowning the heights from which they were driven, while ascending with my party, the side of an eminence, I saw Devereux kneeling on the ground. I stopped —— Well ! was I never to be familiar with death ? — why did my knees strike together as if I saw it seize suddenly on a friend in an hour of peace and security ? — Oh Charles, Charles, my companion, my guide, and my familiar friend, I could not vent over you one plaint of the anguish that wrung my bursting heart ! I could have flung myself beside you, I could have cried, 'Would to God I had died for thee !' but no ; this could not be ; and *I* passed on while life was bursting from your noble breast. I only received that parting pressure, heard only that last word which said, a thought *was still* given to earth — 'my father !' — saw *only* that dying smile as the glories of heaven

broke over your ransomed spirit which passed away with that death-welcoming smile to enjoy its blessedness!

When the hurry of the fight was over I came back. There he lay — his sweet fair face was pale, but that angelic smile still played upon his lip; the tangled ringlets of his hair through which I had often seen his poor father pass his fingers with a smile at, what he called, their effeminate silkiness, were tossed and damp here and there with a dark red stain; his figure, late so animate, with the elastic grace of youth, was stiff; and the hand that had in the morning grasped mine so warmly, was cold and motionless — still the lineaments of death were lovely.

His father was not with our division of the army. Devereux and I buried our comrade in a small grove of willows, and placed a stone over the tomb to guard the beloved deposite we left there. There, when his father, after the fall of Pampeluna, joined us, I conducted him: there I left him.

CONCLUSION.

And now here end my retrospections: while tracing them at this point, I felt the full truth of my poor Amy's words, when she warned me of the danger of setting my affections too firmly on aught below the skies. I have ever been prone to do so, and I have ever suffered for it; and now, when my last temptation to this is returned to dust, why should I tell how I was made to suffer for my error? Yet while writing these few pages, I have sighed a farewell to other friends, and shall I not to thee, brother of my soul, whose young, unwounded, unblunted affection, made me amends for many a wound that had been given me, and would longer have festered in my heart, had I not known thee?—to thee, my endeared companion, whose piety edified, whose faith strengthened, whose example encouraged me? Too truly those waters were to you as the Jordan that conducted you to the Canaan your happy spirit longed for! I did not think that I should be left alone like a seared leaf on the tree, when the green ones are fallen. Yet my brother shall rise again—the trumpet shall once more awaken us; and when at that

summons the earth shall unclose her dead, then shall I see thee again.

I paint not Fitzmorris's feelings; how could I paint that which language could not utter — nor expression make known, that which was neither seen nor heard? When I saw him again after a little time had elapsed, methought his hair was grown much more grey — his martial figure was not quite so erect — his eyes too had a somewhat languid look that was not natural to them.

When peace was proclaimed, I returned along with many others to England: there I saw Louisa and her little girl; she was still in weeds, and will, I believe, always be so. She trembled slightly when I went in, but still she was, I am sure, glad to see me. The child, a beautiful and softened little miniature of poor Courtenay, was playing in the room. She climbed the back of my chair, and put her little mouth round to my face to say, 'I am fond of soldiers, for my good papa was a soldier; and I know who you are — the man papa was so fond of.'

I caught her in my arms, but her poor mother hastily left the room, for the intended whisper of little Alice was very audible: and I was glad she did, for when there is a watery tremulousness in a man's eye, he likes somehow, to be alone.

It was after this I returned to the well-remembered old glebe; an event that has al-

ready been related. I have been there several times since, but never *totally* unmoved. The last time that I went there was to have my poor father's grave opened, to inter therein my dear venerable mother. They little thought, perhaps, that their wandering son would perform this office for them. Poor man! he wished to be buried where he had lived and preached so long, and so I had his grave dug near that white stone already alluded to: and then I had another proof that sorrow does not dart all her shafts on us when we are young, and our fresh feelings and strong affections add to their poignancy—no, as I said before, while on this side eternity, though we may seem settled down into the selfish enjoyments of middle age, or the dull apathy of protracted years, still we can never say, until we have done with life, that we will feel, will suffer, will sorrow, will part no more.

And that proof was no unmoving one; to see an old woman tottering on the borders of that grave to which she had just consigned the companion of her life; to see her obliged to leave the home of her married life, where all her children had been born and reared; from whence her wishes had never wandered, her hopes never moved—except towards heaven; to see her obliged to give it up to strangers, *and to seek* another for the short, short time *that would* intervene till she should lay her

bones beside him with whom she had lived, with whom, had her will been consulted, she would gladly have died — yes, it *was* distressing!

A home was offered her in each of her married children's houses: *I* had none to offer, but I wished much to have her near me, to feel that I had still a link to earth while I could care for, and feel for my mother; and, kind, tender-hearted woman, with that self-renunciation that always characterized her, that characterizes almost all mothers, she determined to take up her abode in the town where I was quartered, until my removal. Before that occurred she had entered into 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,' 'whence she shall go no more out.' I returned to the glebe, now occupied by strangers, to lay her in the grave with her husband. I enclosed the spot where they rest, with an iron railing, taking in the tomb beside it, and — shall I be charged with folly, weakness? No matter — leaving a vacancy between them, where he who writes these pages hopes to rest.

Fitzmorris left the army on the conclusion of the war; he retired to his native country, Scotland; and Louisa and her little girl went with him. I lately visited them there: there was no allusion made to the friends that were gone, except once, when Fitzmorris, speaking *to the child*, said 'Alick,' instead of 'Alice,'

Louisa turned a little paler than she was before, but there was a resignation, a chastened calm expression on her face, that told me her uncle's society, and her uncle's example had not been useless, that Courtenay's dying message had not been unheeded; that Louisa had called on the God of the widow and the fatherless, had sought Him in the day of affliction, and been answered by Him.

I had filled poor Courtenay's place, and Devereux now occupies it. He is my chief companion and friend. The lesson he received on the heights of Andaye was not thrown away; he saw that the righteous hath hope in his death; and the good that Charles Fitzmorris had begun in his life, his death completed. Devereux is now a worthy and respected officer, and, what is better, he is a Bible-taught Christian. He and I often spend a quiet evening together when on out-quarters, or in an uninteresting garrison town: we talk over other days, and though we may both, in different ways, have tasted of trials and sorrows, as what man has not; still we can both look and say or feel with thankfulness, He hath led me all my life long, He hath crowned me with loving kindnesses and tender mercies — His judgments of old are faithfulness and truth.

THE END.

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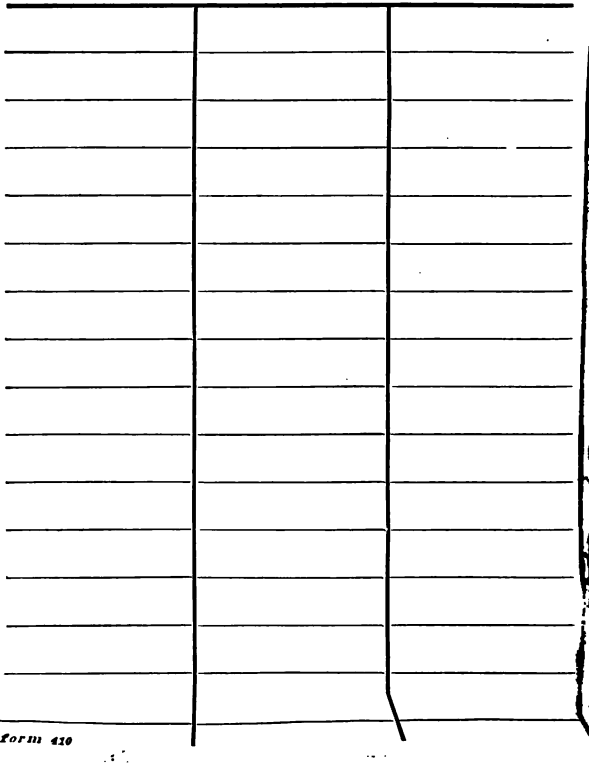

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